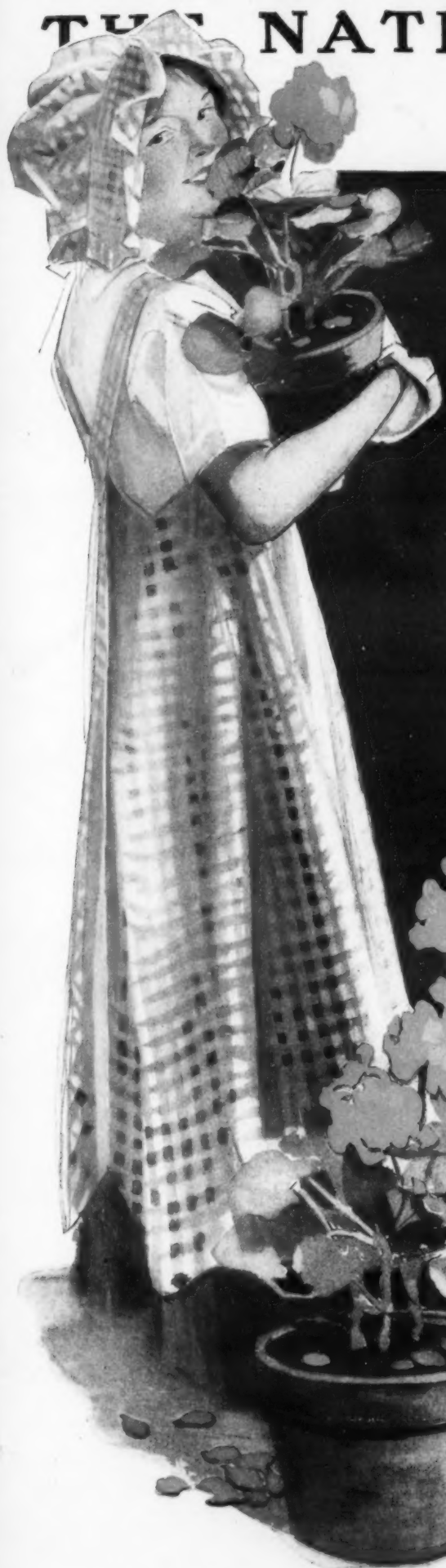


Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



The Story of a Modern Marriage

By EMILY CALVIN BLAKE

My Business Partner—"Gym."

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

The Joke on the High Constable

By FRANCIS G. BURROWS

Sending a Boy to Mill

By C. O. SHEPARD

His Last Argument

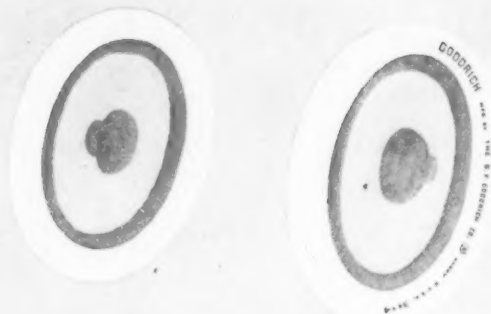
By H. H. HERR

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Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Matter
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VOL FIFTY-ONE NO 11 MAY 31 1913

You really ride on
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Goodrich Tires are not only an advantage but an added value to your car.

Makers of long-established, reputable automobiles recognize this when they continue equipping their output year after year with Goodrich Tires. The fact that the makers of 175,000 of the new cars for the 1913 market contracted for Goodrich Tires before the first of this year demonstrates how they have proved their service-value.

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GOODRICH ^{UNIT} _{MOLDED} TIRES BEST IN THE LONG RUN

It is the Unit Molding of Goodrich Tires—the Goodrich process which embodies our forty-three years of successful experience in rubber compounding and manufacture—which keeps in the tire the qualities of resistance and resilience which nature puts in the best rubber.

Tread and body are one piece in all Goodrich Tires

The Goodrich single vulcanization actually molds into one piece the layers of fine, stout fabric, pure rubber, side strips, bead and thick tough tread. The tread cannot strip from the body nor can the layers separate, because there *are no* layers.

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Extra strips of pure rubber are built in and unit-molded on the sides of Goodrich Tires, where the heavy strains come. The whole tire wears uniformly—it all works for you as one, and it wears long and slowly, giving the buoyant riding you want.

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We extend the service of Goodrich Tires by our supplemental advertising—our free folders telling you how to get the longest and best wear from any tires, our route books for tours, and other literature, and our Goodrich Guide Posts which mark thirty thousand miles and more of highways. All Goodrich dealers, branches and service stations are at your command for information, advice and service.



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Everything That's Best in Rubber

Branch Houses and Service Stations in All
Principal Cities. Dealers Everywhere

Factories: Akron, Ohio.



Write for Goodrich Route Book, covering the auto tour you select. These books are sent free on request

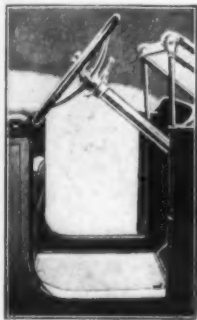
—and now the gear lever is gone!

Gear control on steering wheel enables one to select *any* speed by *merely* moving the thumb

The trend of automobile invention is rapidly toward EASE OF OPERATION. You saw the quick detachable rim replaced by the *demountable*. You saw the slow, old "one-at-a-time" method of lighting give way to the *dash-board switch*. You saw the starting crank thrown into the junk pile—replaced by the magic *starter button*.

Now comes ANOTHER revolutionary advance—the mightiest of all.

—*gear shifting accomplished by the mere movement of the thumb. For the gear control is on the steering wheel.* Compare the ordinary gear-shift where the driver leans over and yanks at a lever with might and main—perhaps 100 times a day—with this new "thumb-operated" Gear-Shift. *Now you drive without moving your body; without taking your eyes off the road; like the expert pianist performs without looking at the keyboard.*



Note the Absence of Levers

Think what this means—no more reaching for levers, no more levers to take up space. And *safety—safety to driver and occupants; safety to passing motorists and pedestrians; safety to your car.*

The beginner or the most timid woman now handles the biggest gas car without fear or difficulty.

The GRAY Pneumatic Gear-Shift

Approved by Experts

The practicability of the Gray Pneumatic Gear-Shift has been rigorously proven.

It has had countless factory tests.

And we have invited every conceivable road test. One car carrying this equipment, was driven 25,000 miles without repair of gear-shift. Being used for demonstration purposes, the gears on this particular car have been shifted ten to twenty times as often as you will ever shift your gears.

One user is a girl of 14. She handles her father's 40-Horsepower Touring Car with the ease of a veteran.

Two hundred expert drivers have operated the "Gray Pneumatic," and they to a man approve it.

Nine leading automobile makers recently witnessed its successful performance. As a result, the Gray Pneumatic Gear-Shift will be found on thousands of leading 1914 cars.

"Anticipating" Your Speeds

You may be ascending a hill at high speed and at the same time *indicate "second."* The very moment you hit the steep incline you go into "second" by depressing your clutch pedal.

Or, on a busy street, when the advance signal is given, a quick depression of clutch pedal engages first speed. The next moment you are *indicating "second,"* and you take it when you depress clutch pedal again. *The selection of any speed is accomplished as fast as the clutch pedal can be pressed down and released.*

Research Company

Dept. B—122 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Factory—Plano, Ill.

(1)



How It Works

FIRST—Set the indicator on the wheel for "first speed." Then make one full stroke of clutch pedal. This accomplishes (a) The disengagement of the clutch. (b) The automatic stopping of the transmission shaft. (c) The automatic movement of all gears to neutral position immediately upon the stoppage of the transmission shaft. (d) The opening of the air valve that forces the selected gear into engagement. The return stroke of the pedal engages the clutch and starts car.

SECOND—The indicator is then placed for "second speed," and the clutch pedal depressed, whereupon the same operations take place as indicated for first speed.

THIRD—While in second speed indicate "third," and again make a complete stroke of the clutch pedal. (The four speed control can be had if wanted.)

A lock latch on the indicator obviates the danger of selecting the reverse position when car is moving forward.

Before passing from one speed to another the gears assume neutral position.

The emergency brake is attached to the service brake pedal, which is locked whenever desired. Thus the brake lever as well as gear lever is discarded.

By merely removing the air-valve handle, the car is securely locked, preventing theft.

Also a Self-Starter

While we term it a Pneumatic Gear-Shift, this is a *self-starter*, too—a *dependable* self-starter—the only successful one we know which can be applied to a *completed* car. This starter is the popular "high-speed" type, the kind that revolves the motor rapidly and insures a quick, sure start. Operated by a push button.

With this *pneumatic* equipment one can *shift gears, start the car, jack up the car, inflate tires, clean the car and lock it.*

The Price

Our price, though it varies according to the car to be equipped, is very reasonable.

Nor does it cost much to install the apparatus. Any man who can afford a motor car, CAN'T afford to be without the GRAY Pneumatic Gear-Shift.

Goes on Any Car

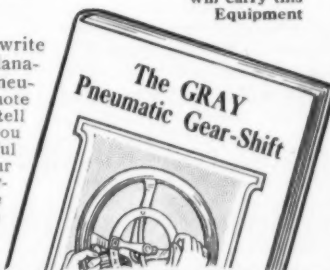
To equip your car with the Gray Pneumatic Gear-Shift, go to your garage dealer. He will not only get it for you but will also put it on *in short order.*

To get it on your new, 1914 car, instruct the agent, from whom you buy, to have the maker put on the Gray Pneumatic Gear-Shift.

Correspondence Invited

We will be glad to write YOU a detailed explanation of the Gray Pneumatic Gear-Shift; to quote you prices; and to tell you where and how you can get this wonderful equipment. Send your communication by letter, postal or coupon below. If you write today, you will get a reply by return mail.

Leading 1914 Cars will carry this Equipment



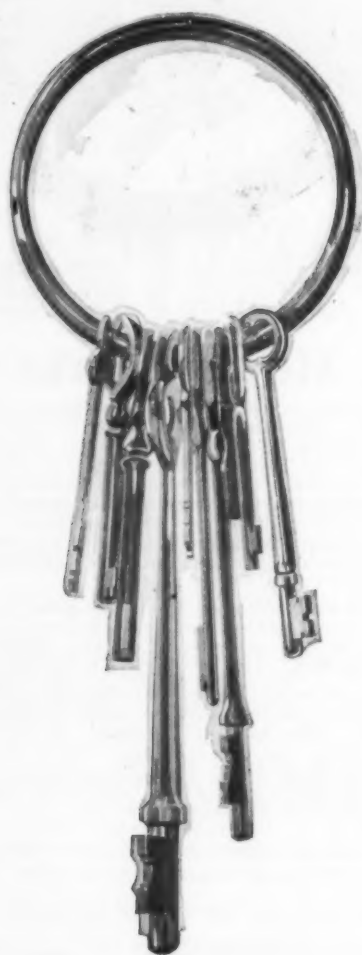
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These were the keys upon which men had to rely to protect their money until the invention of the National Cash Register



These keys could be used or duplicated without detection because they left no record behind

The Modern Keys

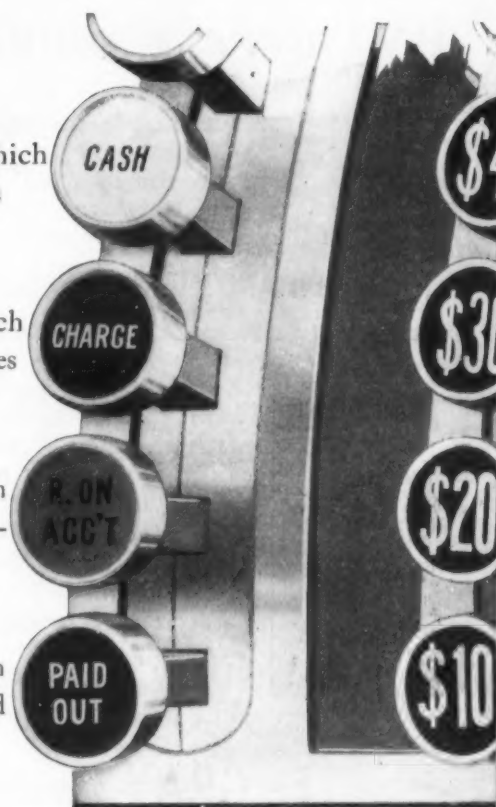
Today over 1,200,000 merchants protect themselves, their customers and their employees with keys such as these

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The Story

of a Modern Marriage

By Emily Calvin Blake



DOES the modern woman make a success of marriage? Can she combine the pursuit of a profession and the rearing of children? Must she choose between work and matrimony? One woman solved the problem. Her account of the way she did it will interest both women and men.

LIKE many another modern woman, I did not marry till I was nearly thirty. I was an artist, and after years of endeavor and sacrifice I had gained some recognition as an illustrator for books and magazines. I shared a studio with three other women: a violin teacher, a writer, and a miniaturist. We had different hours, though the writer and I often worked together. Some day I expected to do big things, though, of course, I had my times of discouragement, but above all moods I held an unquenchable conviction that I should not fail of ultimate success, since I loved my work and gave to it my best. Then I met the man I married, Robert Stevens.

Robert's instincts were rather primitive when it came to the question of my being self-supporting after marriage. I wished to be, since there seemed no good reason why my husband should buy my clothes when I felt perfectly able to buy my own. It took me some time to break down Robert's prejudice against my spending my own money for dresses. But at last, when he realized my absolute stand, he yielded.

For some months after our marriage we boarded. But home making was thrust upon us when we knew we were to have a child. We took stock of our means and found that together we could manage a house, probably in a suburb across the river where my two friends, the musician and the artist, had settled. In face of the responsibility coming to us, Robert yielded all his old prejudices and allowed me to share the expenses of the home, the payment of the first installment and the furniture amounting to \$1,000.

AND then when for the first time we stood together in our home I knew a glorified moment. "What a happy woman I am," I said to my husband. "I have you, our home, the promise of the child, and my work!"

When our little son was born and I was able to be about again, I realized that I should have to have a servant. We could not afford to pay big wages, so I looked for a substantial middle-aged woman, one with

whom I could trust the child during the hours that I worked at my board. Eliza was plain—very plain—in features and in attainments. She could not wait on table, nor could she open the door to a visitor without bringing the shamed color to my cheeks by her familiar, untrained manner. She totally lacked any initiative, and she was economical, a trait that at first I deemed admirable, after all the woeful tales I had heard of extravagant servants. But after some weeks of Eliza I grew to regard economy as anything but a virtue. Often I have stood beside her tearfully pleading that she peel enough potatoes to feed expected guests. But she always knew before even seeing a visitor his capacity for food, and she would solemnly assure me that "he wouldn't eat more than one potato." But, most aggravating of all, she was wont to think her questions the most important in the world. Just when I had put the baby to sleep and had settled to my drawing, Eliza would pant up the stairs, charge down the hall to my room, open the door, and ask me how much ice she should order. If, falling from a great height, I told her to order fifty pounds, she would stand stupidly regarding me, before pouring out a picturesque assortment of words that finally I discovered meant to convey to me that she believed twenty-five pounds of ice would answer, thus saving ten cents, the greatest virtue in the world to Eliza. And Should we have warmed rice pudding for lunch? and Did I want her to wash the baby's flannels with ammonia? and on and on and on, till the precious time during which the baby slept had fled and I had nothing to show for its flight.

WELL, I soon came to the conclusion that loyalty and willingness really weighed little against stupidity and slovenliness and unbelievable slowness. I found myself listening for that shambling step on the stairs. Often I could do nothing but conjecture as to the question Eliza was about to ask me, though a moment before my mind had been full of a picture I wished to create. Though I might warn her a thousand times not to disturb me, yet she would each day assail me with a question that must to her mind be answered immediately.

Slowly I developed a bad case of "nerves." I felt eventually as if I were behind myself, pushing a lagging, dazed self along to some hazy attainment.

So it came at last to the necessity for parting with Eliza, if only to save my mind. I secured an intelligent woman to whom we paid \$6 a week. She would do no laundry work, she told me, and I recognized in her some element of the specialist. So I found a good laundress, and then I tried to breathe easier, though the thought of our rising expenses appalled me.

Of course I had the entire charge of little Robert. I bathed and dressed him in the morning; fed him, played with him a little, and put him to sleep. Then I went to my room and worked until noon, till he awoke. Fortunately, he was a healthy child, and for the first year before he began to grow into his individuality his responses to my care were somewhat like those of a well-regulated machine.

Frances, my new maid, would sometimes take him out in his carriage in the afternoon. But she did this with such an ill grace that I dreaded ever asking her to do it. Still, after Eliza's awful reign, I managed to stand a great deal from Frances, since she could answer the telephone, she did know how much ice to order, and she could, if she wished to do so, cook a plain dinner, though, of course, she really knew nothing of the importance of cooking. And almost greatest of all, we lived in the suburbs, and she seemed willing to stay with us.

BUT when she realized that another child was coming, she began to put on airs and to drop from her daily round one task after another. So in despair I hired a man to beat the rugs and to wash the windows. And if ever the thought of resting from my work came to me I put it away. Orders for illustrations came to me—many of them—and I never refused an order. Often I had to read books and short stories, and concentrate closely in order to pick out the best situation for the illustrations. Looking back now, I wonder that I accomplished so much under such fearful strain.

One night my nerves were raw after a day of countless irritations such as only a woman's day holds. I jumped at the least sound, and when Robert noticed my condition, I told him all that bothered me. Before I had protected him. Some primal instinct forced me always to have things pleasant for him when he returned home in the evening. He was the man of the house, going out every day to work! It was written that he should be soothed and comforted when that day's work was finished.

But when he spoke solicitously I told him how matters stood. He had the answer ready at once: "You need more help—a nurse for the boy."

I really was too tired to combat this idea, so next morning I telephoned the agency for a nurse. I wanted an intelligent woman with excellent references, and when I found her I agreed to pay her what she asked, \$8 a week, with an increase when the second baby came.

She asked for \$10 when our little girl was born, and I gave it to her. Miss Wilmer, as she insisted upon being called, was a cold, formal sort of person. When

I shared a studio with three other women: a violin teacher, a writer, and a miniaturist



Little Robert told her a story he considered funny, she rewarded him with an icy dab at his collar and told him to throw his shoulders back. But I soon learned that the children were absolutely safe in her care, which, of course, was a comfort to me.

She had been with me a month when she came to me one morning with the complaint that her room was not kept clean, whereupon tremblingly I spoke to Frances. Frances replied indignantly that Miss Wilmer required her rug to be shaken every day and her mattress to be left in the sun till noon.

"Just plain notions," concluded Frances, "and I'm not here to wait on her. That never was in the bargain."

I returned to Miss Wilmer: "Couldn't you forego having your rug beaten every day?" I said. "Frances will throw your windows wide and sweep with wet salt every day, and the man thoroughly beats the rugs every Friday."

"Just as you please, Mrs. G—," Miss Wilmer returned: "I am accustomed to being in very sanitary households."

After which snub I meekly subsided. On my way upstairs Frances approached me—rather, waylaid me. "If there's to be any thought of being under her thumb, I'll give notice at once," she told me.

"You may sweep her rug after opening the windows in her room wide," I said, and went on to my working room. On my board stood a half finished picture. I looked at it woodenly. All the delicate fancies, the fine uplifting atmosphere, I had dreamed of putting upon the canvas were gone, swept away by the deadly materiality of a day in my home.

I CRIED as I realized that with each additional person added to my staff my work only increased. I could see no light, no possible solution to my problem.

The next morning, when my husband was leaving, fresh and eager to be at his work, the words were forced from me:

"How I envy you!"

He turned quickly. "Envy! Why?"

"Because when you arrive at your office with a free mind you will start your work. You don't first have to see that the janitor has properly cleaned your office. It is so clean, so neat that its very spic-and-spanness fails to impress you. You don't have to stop an important business transaction to settle a petty dispute between the office boy and the stenographer. You don't finally return to your business with every nerve tingling."

I would still have rushed on, but his hurt expression stopped me.

"You don't know the worries in a man's day," he said.

"Yes, I do," I answered. "But I contend they don't compare with those in my day."

He did not answer, and we parted in silence.

When that night my husband sat down to his paper, he did not at once begin to read. Instead he looked over at me, and said: "I've been thinking a great deal of your words this morning. Haven't you enough help in the house?"

I answered briefly: "A sufficient number of persons, yes."

He said: "I believe you need a complete rest. That course is about the only one I can suggest, since you don't seem to be fortunate in the servants."

His speech fired me beyond the point of caring for his feelings. I felt I didn't wish to shield them.

"And if I'm not fortunate," I flung out, "it is not as you insinuate because I can't manage my servants. It is because I have to put into the hands of uninterested, totally untrained aliens the most vital interests of my life and yours. And I have learned that I can't leave anything to their discretion or to their intelligence, since they haven't any discretion or intelligence. Just

now a feud has been declared between Frances and Miss Wilmer, in consequence of which I am made the umpire, a very unwilling and fearful umpire, lest any decision I may make should cause one or the other to leave me in a hurry."

He did not answer, and I said very distinctly: "And I, too, have a profession at which I work and earn money. Is it fair?"

"Well, isn't that what you wanted—economic independence?" he asked. "It's true," he went on, "that when we entered into our agreement, we didn't realize what a difference in our lives children would make."

I LOOKED keenly at him.

"Things are hard for you," said Robert, and then he prepared to take up his paper. But when I was at the door Robert spoke again. "One way suggests itself to me," he said. "Let your work go for a few years, till the children are well along, and let us all depend entirely upon my income. Surely if we live simply it will be sufficient, and some time when the company is on a secure footing that income will be increased." He looked closely at me. "What do you think of the idea?"

I was tired, and Robert's suggestion did bear a strong appeal at the moment. "We could rent this house and take a small flat so the work wouldn't be so hard and you could simply rest," he continued.

Of course, early the next morning, before the day's routine had me in its grasp, I mentally rejected Robert's plan. To let my profession go for a few years would mean eventually nearly as hard a struggle for recognition as I had faced in the beginning. And when the children were both able to go to school, thus leaving me a few hours a day for myself, I should be very well along toward forty. But keenest of all was my sense of injustice that I should be compelled to give up entirely my work because I had a home and children. Robert had both, and he could follow his work, too, since he was not crippled, bound by the mere machinery of living.

I was still pondering the question when one day shortly after my talk with Robert, I was on my way from the kitchen to my own room. The nursery door stood ajar and I peeped in. Miss Wilmer sat at the window with her back to me. Young Robert stood near, watching her, while the little girl lay asleep on the bed.

"When are we going out?" asked Robert.

Miss Wilmer did not look up from her task. She answered, however, shortly: "Not now."

Silence. Then from Robert: "I want to go out now. I want to do something."

"Robert, I must request you to be quiet. Or is that an impossible request for you to obey?"

Robert murmured something. He picked up an article from a small table and twirled it in his fingers. Miss Wilmer didn't even look around, but she evidently went on the policy that a child is always doing what he shouldn't do, so she said: "Please stop that, Robert. Try to be quiet. You will never be a gentleman if you don't learn repose."

I should have smiled then, if Robert hadn't been my own child, at the idea of asking an active, growing boy to learn repose! But I didn't smile.

Robert wandered aimlessly about the room. "Can't I take my sleigh down in the yard?" he asked. "I'll stay there and you can watch me from the window."

Miss Wilmer spoke sharply: "You cannot leave the nursery, Robert, until your sister awakens from her nap and I am ready to dress you both for the street; then we will go for a walk."

Robert murmured something and Miss Wilmer demanded to know what he was "muttering beneath his breath."

So Robert told her. "I hate you," he said very distinctly. "I hate you clear down to my heart."

Astounded, Miss Wilmer rose to her full height. "I shall complain at once to your mother," she said with great dignity. "I am entitled to respect from you."

But I ran away as fast as I could—ran to my own room and shut and locked the door. She should never get at me to complain! I covered my eyes to shut out the vision of that little mutinous face. I shut down on my consciousness that I might not think of all the little laddie was daily being deprived of. The fine, constructive freedom I had once dreamed of giving to my children he did not know. Instead he was held down, turned aside, recommended to have poise!

MY BOARD stood ready for me. A letter from an editor urging the immediate completion of important work stared up at me from my desk. But I couldn't bring myself to take my pencil in hand. I walked away to the window, utter discouragement filling me.

I don't yield easily. I fight for my own way of life, but at that moment I felt beaten. At length I walked to the window and stood there for a long space of time. I saw Miss Wilmer emerge with the two children. Frances stood on the steps directing the man of all work, and as Miss Wilmer and the children passed her, she elevated her nose in a very unmistakable manner and in return for the courtesy Miss Wilmer managed subtly to convey her scorn for one of such low social status.

I remembered just then the words of a little writer friend when I confided my domestic worries to her: "Be glad, my dear, that your nurse and maid are enemies. That's rather better than when they enter into a conspiracy against you. I've had both situations under my roof, and I know whereof I speak." But I got small comfort from the memory.

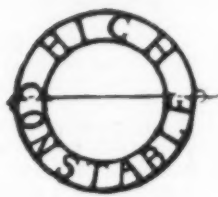
I was still at the window when Miss Wilmer returned with the children in proper tow, and I had only arrived at a belief, not a solution, the belief that being a woman I had to pay the piper for being a producer. Since I wished to be finely independent, I had to put into the hands of untrained servants vital interests, the cooking of food, and the partial care of my children. I thought of Frances's bewilderment should I ask her to prepare "a well-balanced meal," though largely by their food those dependent on her services were kept up to or below a high point of efficiency. And Miss Wilmer regarded children as little beings who must be kept in their places, who must be trained out of all initiative, and reduced as much as possible

(Continued on page 35)



"I've enough work to do as it is. Now, Robert, if you show temper I shall punish you!"

The Joke on the High Constable



By Francis G. Burrows

MAYBE you think it has become so that all Christmas stories, Thanksgiving stories, Decoration Day stories, etc., are bores, but the High Constable will show you your mistake. He is not waxworks made for the occasion; you will like him while you laugh at him, and love him when you stop laughing, and at last get warmed up to forget what you ought to forget on Decoration Day, and to remember what should be remembered.

CAPTAIN KAZER stood in Memorial Park, awaiting the approach of the Grand Army. You see he did not belong to the Grand Army. Over him towered the monument erected to the memory of Colonel Prettyleaf and the gallant regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers that fought under him in the Civil War. On either side, as far as he could see, the street was lined with spectators.

A crash of music sounded from a marching band, and the crowds struggled and craned their necks. "Ye'd think," the Captain remarked contemptuously to Sergeant Smithers, who stood beside him, "that the people of this here town never seen a parade before."

"Who's that marching ahead?" he suddenly demanded, peering down the street with dim, blue eyes. "Chief of Police Bixler."

"That good-for-nothing?" he ejaculated incredulously.

"Bixler's the only regular policeman in town, and police leads parades everywhere."

"I know it," said Kazer testily. "I used to lead 'em myself."

"So ye did, Cap'n, when ye was High Constable."

"Them was parades as was parades."

FOR an instant he lived in the past. At the head of Georgetown's veterans down this same street he came, with head erect and eyes set straight before him, but conscious, nevertheless, of the crowds of cheering, sympathetic friends that lined the way. Oh, the glory of those days! Would that he could live them over again!

"They don't pay much attention to the High Constable nowadays," remarked Smithers.

"No office would amount to anything with Lenk Gottshall in it."

"Lenk ought to stick to selling fish. That's more in his line."

"As High Constable he's a disgrace to the borough. I can't see why they elected him."

"I heard they done it fer a joke."

"They hadn't ought to joke with the highest office in the borough."

"Here comes the Chief Burgess on a hoss," observed the Sergeant.

"It's lucky he don't have to go no faster'n a walk," replied Kazer, "or he'd fall off."

The Chief Burgess was his near neighbor; the Captain's home was not a peaceful one, and he accredited to Chief Burgess Prettyleaf much of the notoriety that attended his domestic infelicities.

"If he knew what a figger he cuts in the saddle,"

said the Sergeant with a touch of scorn, "he wouldn't think so much of hisself."

"When you think of the Colonel at Gettysburg," mused the Captain, "fighting hand to hand afore he went down, ye wouldn't think it possible fer him to have a son like this narrer-chested Burgess of our'n."

"He's more proud of belonging to the Sons of Veterans than his old man was of commanding the finest regiment that ever marched out of Pennsylvania."

"He's lived all his life on his old man's reputation. It's a wonder to me the Colonel don't bow his head in shame up there on his monnyment when the Burgess rides by."

"Who's the fellers in the big wagon?" asked Smithers.

"Them is the Borough Council."

"Rather young, ain't they, to be running the borough?"

"Old ones, what has any reputation to lose, won't take the job."

The thin wavering column of veterans passed. Each old soldier carried a small bouquet to lay on the grave of a comrade in the borough cemetery.

"I wonder," said the Sergeant wistfully, "if they'll remember us when we're gone?"

"It makes no difference to me," said the Captain quite savagely, "whether they do or not. The shame's their own if they fergit how a man fit fer his country jest because he don't belong to the Grand Army."

THE passing Color Sergeant staggered bravely beneath the weight of the post's silken flag.

Kazer, with his thin mouth set in a grim line, and his beard thrust forward at an impressive angle, straightened his bent back and brought his hand stiffly to a salute. Smithers, who always followed the example of his superior officer, did likewise.



The thin, wavering column of veterans passed. Each old soldier carried a small bouquet to lay on the grave of a comrade in the borough cemetery. "I wonder," said the Sergeant wistfully, "if they'll remember us when we're gone?"

Recognition came to them from a few lowly comrades in the rear.

"Howdy, Cap'n; howdy, Sergeant," they cried in high, tremulous voices, with a friendly wave of their fluttering hands.

From the head of the column, Dr. Andrews, post

secretary, looked back and frowned at this breach of discipline. Kazer, unbending in his military attitude, gazed contemptuously at the spectators, who viewed the veterans almost with veneration.

"These people wouldn't know a real soldier if they did see one. Anybody as marches nowadays is a hero."

"Some of the fellers never seen the war."

"The men what marched behind me when I was High Constable was the ones what done the fighting. Now, every feller whatever enlisted calls hisself a veteran. Doc Andrews didn't jine the army until the Confederate army started up the State and his folks' property was liable to git burned. He got jist clost enough to Gettysburg to hear the cannon booming. Then he got out a Bible and started to read it. Him that had never been inside a church in his life! He wanted to git religion afore it was too late. It was the joke of the town fer years. But now people thinks he must 'a' been a turrible fighter because he runs the post."

"Major Cummings is post commander."

"He's only a figgerhead. They does everything as Andrews wants it."

THE volunteer fire department now came along. A host they seemed in their uniforms of red shirts and black trousers.

"Fire companies is popular," remarked the Sergeant. "It's a wonder a fire ever gits a chance to git started with all these fellers ready to outen it."

"They don't belong to fire companies fer fire fighting," said Kazer sardonically. "Parading's more in their line. And if it wasn't fer free licker in their cellars they couldn't git enough members to pull a hose truck."

Kazer had never affiliated himself with any organization simply because he never had money sufficient to pay membership fees and dues. His nonmembership in the Georgetown Post gave him no concern, but his neglect, years ago, of an opportunity to join the Rescue Hose Company he now regarded as a grave error of judgment.

The last rank of firemen passed, and the crowds, immediately forgetting the solemn memorial ceremonies, overflowed the street, in pursuit of the pleasures of a holiday.

The two veterans looked about blankly, quite at a loss which way to turn. For them the great event of the day was over.

"We might as well go down to the hotel," suggested the Captain.

IN its day, the American House, toward which they bent their steps, was Georgetown's leading hotel, and in its lobby the Captain never lacked an interested audience of distinguished citizens to entertain with thrilling tales of adventure, hardship, and battle. Never in their company was he allowed to go thirsty. Of more practical benefit was their influence in securing his election as High Constable for several terms. The work was not burdensome and the emoluments were considerable. The job, in fact, was well suited to his taste.

But time had wrought sad changes. His friends, whose generosity had sowed in him the seeds of habitual drinking, had died or drifted away. On the death of his wife, whose earnings as a seamstress had largely contributed to the support of the household, his daughter had come to live with him, and he was reduced to the ignominy of paying board in his own home. His pension now was utterly inadequate to meet the demands of his thirst. In truth, the twilight of his life was clouded with adversity.

He entertained occasionally a forlorn hope of improving his condition. Deep in his heart he cherished

a secret ambition to again hold office as High Constable. At one stroke he would thereby recruit his depleted finances, become again a useful member of society, and enjoy the prestige which the office rightfully carried with it.

On their arrival at the American House, the Captain and Sergeant, purely from force of habit, proceeded directly to the bar. The bartender produced a decanter but withheld it in sudden suspicion.

"Who's this on?" he asked.

"Pay you next week," muttered the Captain.

"How about your friend?"

"Pay you on pension day," suggested the Sergeant.

"Then you both can wait till pension day for your liquor."

"Since when," demanded the Captain ferociously, "ain't my credit good at the American House?"

"You kin search me," replied the bartender indifferently.

"Young man," said Kazer savagely, "I drank in this here hotel afore you was born."

"Shouldn't be surprised if you did."

"That was when this hotel was a hotel. Fresh 'uns like you didn't grow around Georgetown them days."

"If you don't like it here, why don't you go somewhere else?"

"Go call your boss," ordered the Captain imperiously, "and we'll see if we can't have a drink."

"I'm the boss just now."

KAZER seemed doomed to ignoble defeat when suddenly the doors were thrown open violently, and a boisterous crowd of red-shirted firemen trooped noisily to the bar. "Gentlemen," cried a tall young man, standing on the bar rail, "Mr. Schwartz is buying a drink."

The firemen drained their glasses with gusto, and sang, with a heartiness which compensated for melodious imperfections, a ballad, which, by a slight change of text, fits any similar occasion.

"Here's to Mr. Schwartz, Mr. Schwartz-z, Mr. Schwartz-z-z." And Mr. Schwartz, Georgetown's noted brewer, smiled until his round, red, jovial face radiated his pleasure. He nodded to his spokesman, who thereupon rose again upon the rail, and shouted above the din: "Gentlemen, Mr. Schwartz is buying another drink."

The youth looked about the room. His eyes rested upon the two old men.

"Ain't the Captain and Sergeant in on this?" he whispered.

"Sure ting," said the brewer cordially. "Gif 'em all a drink."

KAZER glared at the bartender with intense satisfaction as he drained his glass.

"I say, Cap'n," demanded the tall youth, "weren't you in the war?"

"Sure he was," cried a voice from the crowd, "else why do they call him 'Cap'n'?"

"That don't signify nothing," said another scornfully. "Nowadays any old fossil that has a beard and hobbles along with a cane is called 'Cap'n' sorter as a mark of respect."

Kazer ignored the interruption. "I fit in yer granddad Prettyleaf's own regiment," he said.

"I bet the Cap'n was more spry then than he is now," observed a fireman, "else he wouldn't 'a' survived some of them retreats we read about."

"Then how's it come," asked the Colonel's grandson, "that you're not in the parade?"

"It ain't everybody that fit as has to show off on Decoration Day. Them that likes to parade the most sometimes done the least fighting."

"The Cap'n mayn't be in the Grand Army," insinuated another, "but I bet he's right on the job every pension day."

"I don't git no more'n I'm entitled to," growled the badgered old warrior, "which is more'n some kin say."

"Of course not. Yer rheumatiz is enough for a pension if nothing else. There's some gitting money from the Government for lesser'n that."

"Never had the rheumatiz in my life," said Kazer shortly.

"Then what makes you limp?"

"None o' yer business."

"Come, come, shentlemen," cried the alarmed brewer, who above all things disliked a barroom brawl. "Vy shouldt ve spend our time quarrelling?"

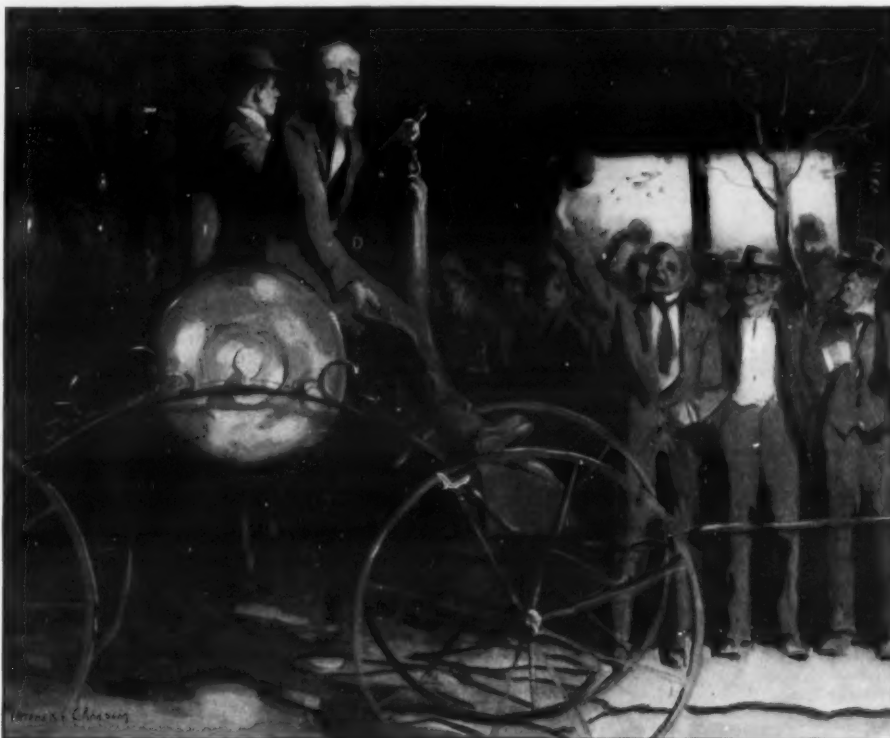
Turning to the bartender he said peremptorily: "Fill 'em up again."

The afternoon waned and the firemen drifted away,

but the two veterans clung close to the bar. Young Prettyleaf also remained, partly because it was too early for him to go home unobserved, and partly because, in his present environment, he was safe from parental scrutiny. Indeed, he patronized the American House because his father, the Chief Burgess, did not.

AN occasional smile illumined the Captain's grim features. He told his favorite war stories, and even essayed a few war-time melodies in a quavering falsetto voice. He shed a few tears on recalling the hardships of the Civil War.

"Ye're a chip off the old block," he said confidentially to young Prettyleaf. "Yer granddad, I mean, not yer father—although I ain't got nothing agin him. He allus had it in fer me because the Colonel give me my home fer a little favor I once done him."



The Captain bowed gravely, right and left, as General Grant had done, on an occasion, never to be forgotten, when he visited Georgetown many years before

"The Colonel was open-handed, he was. Right at this here bar he used to stand, and no one else could spend a cent. The boys all lost a good friend when he died."

Kazer's cane war of material assistance in steadying his steps when he left the hotel late in the evening.

"Want me to go along?" ventured the Sergeant as they paused at the corner.

"Better look after yourself," said the Captain coldly.

"It was a big day," commented Smithers cheerfully, "even if we don't belong to the Grand Army."

"We'd both be better off," said Kazer bitterly, "if we'd 'a' died when we amounted to something."

Whereupon he hobbled off, leaving the Sergeant standing on the corner in perplexity.

TWILIGHT was shading into darkness when Chief Burgess Prettyleaf, on his way to a meeting of Republican borough leaders, stopped in Memorial Park, where Major Cummings and Dr. Andrews were lowering the colors from the Grand Army's staff.

"A right nice turnout we had to-day," said Andrews.

"We have so few left," replied Cummings, "that our parades are becoming sadder each year."

"We would have more," said the secretary with asperity, "if all the men eligible for membership in the post would join. Kazer and Smithers were in the park as usual, watching the rest of us drag along in the hot sun."

"I think they would join the post if they could afford to."

"They get all the liquor they want—more than is good for them—and liquor is the only thing you can't get on credit."

"Kazer has been acting right decently of late," interposed Mr. Prettyleaf. "His daughter makes him toe the mark, although his wife never could do much with him. That poor woman had a hard time of it and it didn't help her temper. We could hear her across the lot berating him whenever he was a little under the weather."

"I found him one night on the lawn after he had dropped from a second-story window. 'Pon my word he wasn't hurt, although he would have been killed if he had been sober. We never found out whether he naturally fell out or was forcibly ejected."

"His case is unfortunate," said Major Cummings. "But, doctor, we must remember that everybody drank heavily in our day."

"That precious pair of old men," said the secretary with emphasis, "are a splendid example to the young men of to-day of what not to be."

Late that night the Chief Burgess hurried home through a drizzling rain. At the Kazer residence he stopped in astonishment on beholding the grizzled Captain asleep on the doorstep, entirely oblivious of the rain and his saturated clothing. He aroused the veteran and piloted him to his own residence, where the Captain spent the night on a couch.

"Cap'n," said Mr. Prettyleaf meditatively, on the following morning, "how would you like to be High Constable?"

Kazer was quite dumfounded. He had thought his dissipation the night before was utterly ruinous to his political aspirations.

"Do you think," he asked humbly, "that I would be all right for the job?"

"You're just the man," said the Chief Burgess heartily. "We need a candidate to fill out the ticket. What do you say?"

The Captain accepted without undue haste, the deal was closed, and he was duly scheduled to head the Republican borough ticket at the fall election.

BY special invitation, the Captain received the election returns at the Rescue Hose House. He placidly rocked in a comfortable chair and smoked his pipe, as one ward after another was found to have given him an unprecedented majority over Gottshall, the fishmonger. But beneath his outward calm his heart was filled with gladness, tempered only with chivalrous pity for his vanquished rival.

A great crowd of firemen was patronizing the bar in the cellar when the news of the Captain's landslide reached them. With a shout they poured from the basement and drew forth the red and gold hose wagon, which was carefully preserved for parades and other festive occasions. Kazer was lifted aboard and Chief Burgess Prettyleaf was persuaded to sit beside him. A hundred men seized the hand ropes. An impromptu drum corps, with instruments filched from the rooms of the company's band, headed the procession. Recruits joined them, with tin horns, whistles, and circular saws from a neighboring mill.

Torches of red fire illumined the way. Dust, scented with the odor of fallen leaves, rose from the tread of marching feet. In the luminous cloud the Captain was conspicuous on his high seat. Attracted by the noise, a great crowd of spectators gathered along the line of march and cheered him mightily.

"Take off your hat, Cap'n," urged the Chief Burgess. "Don't you hear them cheering you?"

The Captain did so, and the light was reflected brilliantly from his polished, bald pate. He bowed gravely, right and left, as General Grant had done, on an occasion, never to be forgotten, when he visited Georgetown many years before. True, the General had worn a high hat and rode in a carriage, while the Captain wore a slouch hat and rode on a hose truck, but with all due respect to the General, the Captain felt that the reception accorded him by his fellow townsmen was just as enthusiastic.

Kazer started home at last with as great dignity and precision as were compatible with the toasts to which he had been compelled to respond upon his return to the Rescue Hose House. He paused to look curiously at the City Hall, a dingy old building, which, in the near future, was to be his official headquarters. Prior to its acquisition by the borough it had been the first home of the the Rescue Company, and in the darkness he could see the grotesque outlines of the hose tower which still stood in the rear.

A solemn mood came over him as he resumed his way. The weight of a new responsibility now rested upon his shoulders. He hoped that he would bear it worthily.

FROM a cedar chest in the attic of his home the Captain took a blue coat adorned with brass buttons and a hat which bore in brass letters the title, "High Constable."

(Continued on page 29)

COMMENT ON CONGRESS

THERE are in the United States Senate seven men who, as Republicans four years ago, broke away from their party and voted against the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill. They are:

JOSEPH L. BRISTOW, Kansas.
MOSES E. CLAPP, Minnesota.
COE I. CRAWFORD, South Dakota.
ALBERT B. CUMMINS, Iowa.
ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE, Wisconsin.
KNUTE NELSON, Minnesota.
MILES POINDEXTER, Washington.

These compose the Senators who are left of the original Insurgents. Their vote against the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill in 1909 elevated them high in public esteem. One of the most interesting problems of the present moment is whether in the year 1913 they will vote for or against the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill. The problem before them cannot be stated otherwise. The final vote in the present tariff session will be either to perpetuate the Payne-Aldrich Bill or to substitute another.

The Present Need

AT THIS writing it is entirely conceivable that President Wilson may need the support of some Progressives or progressive Republicans to pass his tariff bill. If four Democratic Senators should oppose the bill that would be enough to negative the party's majority. It is known certainly that the two Democratic Senators from Louisiana will vote against the bill. The one avowed Progressive Senator, Poindexter of Washington, is expected to vote for the bill. Senator La Follette has been ostentatious in public avowals of his purpose to aid President Wilson in every way, but he has not said whether or not he will vote for the tariff bill, and in preliminary skirmishes he has aided Penrose and opposed the Democrats. It is hard to conceive a time when President Wilson shall need Senator La Follette's aid so much as right now.

Simmons and Penrose

SENATOR SIMMONS, by virtue of his position as chairman of the Finance Committee, is leading the tariff fight in the Senate for the Democrats. For the Republicans the fight is being led by Senator Penrose, assisted by Senator La Follette. Between the two leaders a very delightful bit of dialogue took place:

MR. PENROSE—The Senator . . . referred to the utter lack of necessity for long speeches. He certainly does not remember that brilliant and prolonged effort of his own four years ago when he held the rapt attention of the Senate for four days in advocating a duty on lumber.

MR. SIMMONS—Mr. President, I voted for a duty of 7 cents on lumber, and I did it because the bill then under consideration—the Payne-Aldrich, of which the lumber schedule was a part—carried duties of from about 45 to 50 per cent upon everything that entered into the manufacture of lumber and constituted a part of the cost of its production. I said in that speech if you will take those excessive and burdensome duties, which the lumberman had to pay, off the machinery and other things that entered so largely into the cost of his product, I would vote to put lumber on the free list. I was against putting it on the free list while these heavy Payne-Aldrich rates, which constituted such a heavy charge against his product, were retained.

MR. PENROSE—Mr. President—

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE VICE PRESIDENT—Does the Senator from North Carolina yield to the Senator from Pennsylvania?

MR. SIMMONS—Certainly.

MR. PENROSE—The energy of the Senator now recalls his energy during that speech on lumber.

MR. SIMMONS—I did not catch what the Senator said.

MR. PENROSE—It was a polite reference to the Senator's recent statement. But I should like to ask the Senator whether he still advocates the rates which he then advocated on lumber when he called the attention of the Senate to the desolation which would prevail in different States of the South if Canadian lumber was permitted to pass over the American border free?

MR. SIMMONS—This bill does the very thing that I then said if it were done I would be in favor of free lumber. We have greatly reduced or put on the free list the duties of the Payne-Aldrich law upon the things that enter into the cost of the manufactures of lumber, and I shall with pleasure vote for free lumber.

Senator Penrose's sarcasm has a gentle lightness that is very unlike his bulky frame. Of course he had the best of this argument. Twice during the past four years Senator Simmons has fought bitterly against his party in the Senate and against the party platform—once against a reduction in the tariff on lumber and once against reciprocity. It is fair to say, however, that Senator Simmons is now leading the fight for tariff reduction with energy and ability. But it is also true that he is not the best man to heap shame upon Senator Ransdell of Louisiana for opposing the Democratic reduction of the tariff on sugar. North Carolina would have helped the Democratic party more by keeping Senator Simmons at home.

A Century-Old Infant

SENATOR RANDELL of Louisiana, arguing for the retention of a duty on sugar, said that since the year 1789 there has never been a day when there was not a duty on sugar, except for a period when that commodity had something better than a duty, a bounty of two cents a pound. Thereupon Senator Myers of Montana said:

I should like to ask my friend, the Senator from Louisiana, if this industry has been protected for 100 years and is still an infant industry that needs protection, how long it will take it to become a matured industry and to be grown so that it will not need protection as an infant?

An Unworthy Argument

EBENEZER J. HILL was for eighteen years, prior to the present session, a Representative in Congress from the two western counties of Connecticut. In the Democratic landslide of last fall he lost his seat. This was a pity, for, although a thoroughgoing protectionist, he was sincere, honest, and a very clear thinker—so long as he stuck to economic subjects. Recently he made a speech which was incorporated in the Congressional Record by James R. Mann, the Republican leader. In the preamble to the speech, these two sentences occur:

The outcome is an Administration with not a New England man in it for the first time in our nation's history.

It is said that for the first time in fifty years

there has not been a Union soldier on the Republican side and but one on the Democratic side.

It was not worthy of Mr. Hill to intimate that the tariff is being revised on sectional lines. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The Southerners in Congress have been under the strongest pressure from special interests in their communities, and, except for the Louisiana Senators, the pressure has been resisted with admirable manliness.

The Democratic Weakness

MR. HILL and all the Republicans are on much safer ground when they stand on this assertion which was made in ex-Congressman Hill's speech:

The last Congress with sixty-three Democratic majority . . . spent \$87,000,000 more than any Republican Congress ever appropriated.

This was done by a Democratic Congress which was elected on a platform of economy, in a campaign in which all the Democratic candidates denounced Republican extravagance. This record will plague the Democrats at the next election.

Protecting American Wealth

ONE of the stock phrases of the standard Republicans is "protecting American labor." Of course it is American *wealth* that is really protected. The protection is for commodities, not labor. The fallacy inherent in this slogan has never been so well expressed as in this extract from a letter from Mr. Joseph McDonald of Providence, R. I.:

Workmen have their labor to sell and they must sell it in a free trade market. The only protection which American laborers have against foreign laborers is the price of a ticket from foreign countries here. The foreign "pauper" labor which our workmen need to fear is the pauper labor which stands at our mill gates and competes with the labor already in said mills.

Abolish These Committees

BOTH in the Democratic and in the Republican parties there are contests in which the reform element is trying to wrest control of the party Congressional committees from the Old Guard. Congressman Gardner of Massachusetts has formally announced his candidacy for Republican chairmanship. These committees should be abolished. There is no excuse for a national organization to look after the local Congressional fights. No candidate for Congress should receive financial aid from outside his own district. The fight should be conducted wholly within the boundaries of the district. The Republican committee in the past has been a source of scandal.

The Congressional Record

DURING the tariff session the Congressional Record, in spite of its unwieldy padding, is well worth reading. Every thoughtful person in the country could find profit and enjoyment in it. It is not widely enough known that the Record is available to anyone who wishes to get it at a price of \$1.50 per month, payable in advance. Subscriptions should be addressed to Samuel B. Donnelly, Public Printer, Washington, D. C.



William Jennings Bryan, Proud Grandfather

MEMORY is so tricky that it can't be trusted upon such points as this; but surely some of us have a feeling that it was only a few years ago that the newspapers were referring to William Jennings Bryan as "The Boy Orator of the Platte." Yet here he is to-day posing before the camera man with two grandchildren, one of them three years old! The photograph was taken while the Secretary of State was visiting in Los Angeles. It might be interesting to add, now that visiting has been mentioned, that Secretary Bryan is the District of Columbia's champion traveler; and, though he is a grandfather, asks no odds from the younger men of the Administration. At this writing he has covered nearly 12,000 miles by train since March 4 and more than 200 miles by motor car. Whether the Commoner aspires to break Professor Taft's record is a subject of interesting speculation. The Taft record for four years was estimated as approximately 125,000 miles, or "five times the distance around the earth at the equator."



"The Public" Takes Its Turn at Bond Buying

HALF of a new issue of Philadelphia city bonds was offered to "the public" this month. The City Treasurer took his stand behind a grating in the City Hall and literally sold the bonds "across the counter." In a week the city's small investors took up \$4,002,000 of the issue—\$500,000 more than Mayor Blankenburg had asked to have offered to them. Our photograph shows the City Treasurer and some of the bond buyers who were in the line the first day. On this first day, 250 subscriptions were received, amounting to \$909,500. The Mayor himself set an example by purchasing \$10,000 worth.

The Treasurer found that the subscriptions came from neighboring towns as well as from Philadelphia and observed that "the denominations and condition of the money paid in indicated that a draft had been made on the old teapot, the oven, and the proverbial old stocking, where it is reported some very cautious persons keep their bank account."

An elderly woman paid for \$1,000 worth of bonds with bright \$10 and \$20 gold pieces, coined early in the eighties. They never had been banked.



King Nicholas the Comforter

AN ACCIDENT of light and pose in this late photograph of Nicholas of Montenegro makes him look like a double of the late J. P. Morgan. The picture was

taken while Nicholas was talking to some children who were made orphans by the war. The task of comforting his people is taking a large share of the King's time.



A Marathon of 1,400 Runners

THE largest number of athletes that ever contested in a foot race ran in a modified Marathon through the streets of New York City on the afternoon of May 10—1,400 of them lined up in twenty-eight ranks, fifty abreast. Our photograph, taken near the starting line, shows in the middle foreground (No. 1) Hannes Kolehmainen, the Finn, who, except for part of the first mile, led throughout. He finished a minute ahead of his nearest competitor. The winner's time for the course of 12 3-8 miles was 1 hour 5 minutes 15 3-5 seconds.

"Some New Experiments"

*Man's a strange animal, and makes strange use
Of his own nature and the various arts,
And likes particularly to produce
Some new experiment to show his parts.*

—Byron



A Garden Note from Mr. Houston's Own Pupils

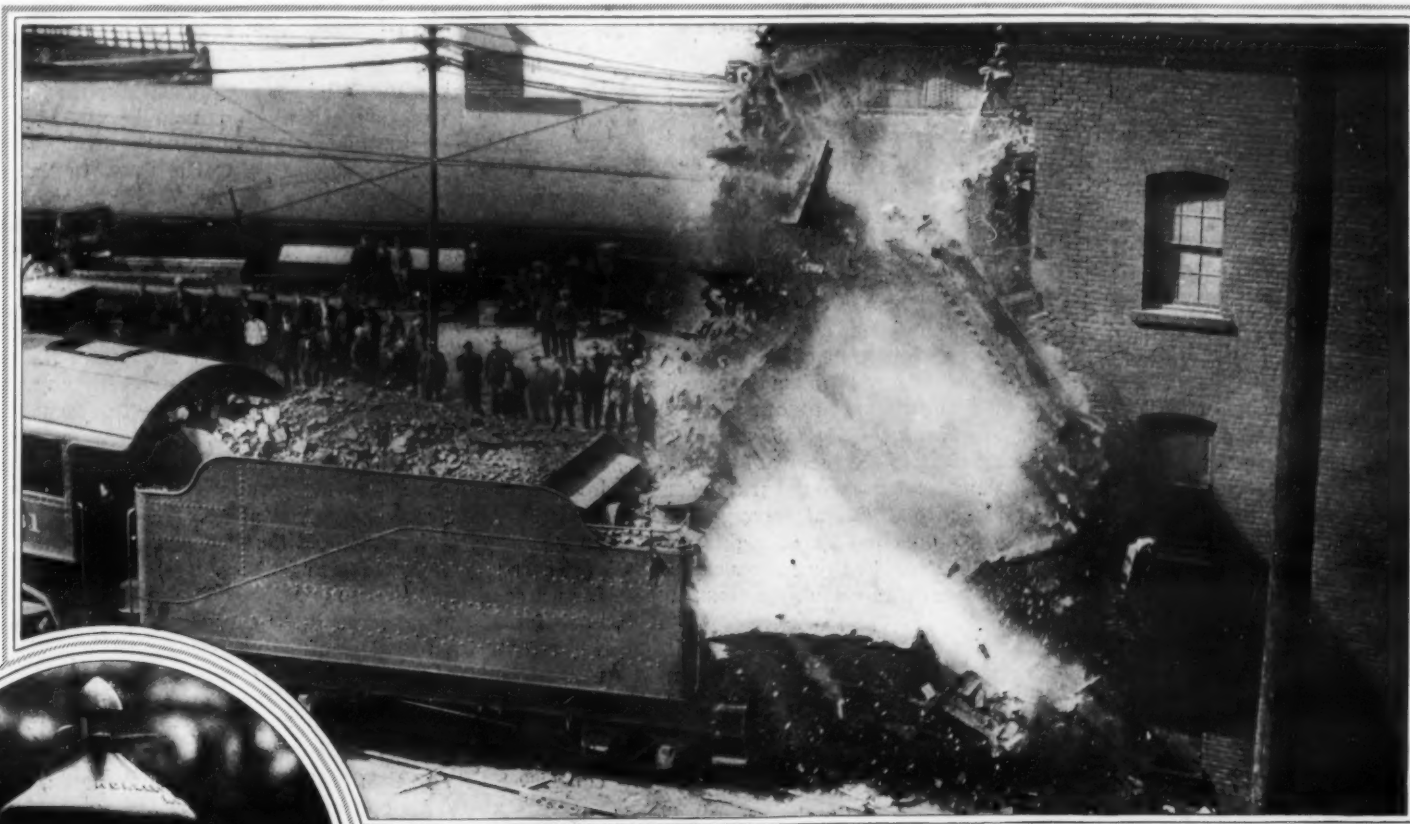
SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE, please note: An effective way to rid a large lawn of dandelions is reported from Washington University, where in the course of a voting contest, 10,230 roots, each counting as a ballot, were dug by young gentlemen

of the freshmen class in a single afternoon. The sizzling issue was: "Who is the most popular young lady in the class?" Thus the university improves its campus and at the same time pays an artistic compliment to David F. Houston, formerly its chancellor.



Where a Blunder Would Cost \$300,000

THE three-story, 8,000-ton building of the High School of Commerce in San Francisco is being treated to a two months' journey. When it arrives at its new site, it will have traveled a little more than two blocks. Five miles of steel cable, three donkey engines, 2,000 steel rollers, and 100,000 cedar shingles (for use in delicate leveling work) are essential pieces of traveling equipment. A miscalculation of strains or a failure to start and stop the engines simultaneously would cost the contractor \$300,000—the price of a new building—if the damage proved serious. If he delivers the 8,000 tons in perfect condition, he receives \$151,000. The removal is necessary to clear space for the city's new civic center group.



An Engine Raids a Saloon

THE locomotive in this photograph taken in Cleveland is withdrawing its support from the saloon, not trying to butt its way in. At four o'clock in the morning, however, it had been less prudent, and after jumping the track had rammed the brick building with such force that the side wall was driven four feet off its base. The jar aroused the neighborhood and drove frightened families into the street in their night clothes, but no one was injured. Later, the locomotive was pulled away and the building crumpled.

A Suffragette Alarm Gun

THE iron toadstool in the picture at the left is the newest decoration for the lawns of English country clubs, cricket grounds, and golf courses. Since the militant suffragettes have turned their attention to the demoralization of country life, the toadstool alarm gun has been put into service to foil them. The canopy of the toadstool is a weight which drops on a cartridge when any of a mesh of wires is touched. Tunbridge Wells, which recently lost its cricket ground pavilion by fire, is protecting the bowling club by this system.





The World's Most Menacing Problem

THE QUESTION INVOLVED in the California Anti-Alien Land Law is not for to-day alone. It is for generations to come. It is not a Japanese question alone. It is a Chinese question, a Hindu question, a Korean question, a Syrian and Armenian question. It is not a matter of the United States alone. It is a Canadian question, an Australian question, a South American question, a Mexican question, a South African question, a New Zealand question.

It is a world question. It is a problem for all time.

It is the local outcropping of the greatest of world problems—the riddle of the intermingling of races.

It cannot be settled on the narrow basis of any treaty with Japan, nor on the local basis of opinion in California, nor the feelings of the people of all the States on the Pacific Coast.

It ought not to be adjusted by the people of the United States in ignorance, nor prejudice, nor with reference to political platforms, nor the demand for cheap labor.

It cannot be lightly slighted off. It is an irrepressible struggle. It will persist for ages. Its complexities and its menace are bound to become nearer and more menacing as every invention in transportation and every advance in commerce brings white men and brown men and yellow men into closer and closer contact with each other.

There are certain principles of right and wrong which enter into it. These must be studied. They should be canvassed in Washington, Tokyo, Peking, Calcutta, Delhi, Melbourne, Sydney, Cape Town, Johannesburg, New York, London. The final adjustment, if one can be arrived at, must be made with reference to these principles of right and wrong.

1—THE WRONG WAY TO APPROACH THE QUESTION

LET US CONSIDER the attitude of Japan in the premises. The Japanese are a fine and strong people. They are very proud, just as we are very proud. They have just as much reason to be proud as we have. They have a very ancient and splendid civilization. They are poets and artists and scientists. They have a fine system of ethics, and some virtues which they can teach us. In patriotism, in enterprise, in efficiency, all along the line of modern life, they compare favorably with all other peoples. They are not inferior to us—let that be admitted at the outset. So long as we act with reference to them on the theory that they are inferior, we shall be in the wrong. They think themselves superior to us. We think ourselves superior to them. That is the natural attitude of the mass of the people of every land. But in the last analysis the Japanese will be entitled to the verdict that they are just as able, just as efficient, and just as good as we are.

2—THE NECESSITY FOR HOMOGENEITY IN A DEMOCRACY

WHAT REASON can we find, then, for making laws which will tend to keep the Japanese out? Let us see what our destiny is and how it must be worked out, determine what our problems are, and see what effect the incoming of the Orientals would have on our affairs:

We of the great Caucasian nations, especially the English-speaking nations, have unreservedly committed ourselves to the theory of democracy. We are more and more accepting democracy as the natural order of things. We have very dreadful problems to work out through the instrument of the ballot. The ballot rests on equality of rights, of more or less common views and common interests among the people. Voting is a species of conference. Minds meet and settle questions in elections no less than in town meetings.

A democracy is a people who reason together and express their decisions by their votes. If they do not speak the same language, if there exists a great body of matters on which they cannot come to a mutual understanding, if the mental gap between great factions among them is too great to be bridged, if for any reason there exists any irreconcilable antagonism among them, if great bodies of them are in economic warfare, the democracy cannot exist.

That is why we are already in such deep difficulties with our democracy. We have many antagonistic classes. We have trying times ahead. It is sure to be hard for us to weather the storms which these problems will generate. The labor question, the trust question, the growing problem of farm tenantry, the amalgamation of the millions of European immigrants, the redemption of our backward population in the Appalachian Mountains—all these are hard things to solve.

But the people of our own antagonistic classes look alike and feel alike toward each other under like circumstances. They can and do mix. Remove the reasons for enmity, and the enmity vanishes. Nobody can tell a Northerner from a Southerner, or a Bohemian from a Scotchman,

or the progeny of an old New York anti-renter from the descendant of a patroon, or a whisky insurrectionist's progeny from the descendant of a soldier sent to put down the insurrection, so far as looks are concerned. After all, our contending forces, except for the negro, belong to the same basic race, and are unable to tell each other apart in a few years after any struggle takes place. They have more intellectual and spiritual similarities than they have of any sort of differences. They mix.

3—THE PRESENCE OF THE JAP IS INCONSISTENT WITH DEMOCRACY

IT IS DIFFERENT with the Oriental. His color sets him off from the rest of us so far as to make of him a marked man. It may be urged that this ought not to make any difference, that a man is a man, no matter what the tint of his skin. Granted—but this is a democracy, and people must be taken as they are. We cannot fraternize with colored peoples as we do with each other. They feel just as we do about it. We cannot do the business of a democracy with people so strongly set off from us in racial character. Their presence among us in great numbers raises the most explosive questions—questions of sex, marriage, school life, church life, business life, traveling problems, questions of all sorts of mingling. Perhaps these questions ought not to come up, but to urge that is silly—they will come up.

The nation—every nation—must keep out peoples whose presence will complicate this matter of democratic solidarity. They must be kept out, not because they are inferior, but in many cases because they are so different. For these reasons California is right in her effort to keep out the Japanese. For similar reasons the Japanese are right in all the laws they may have enacted, or may enact, to prevent the domestication of large numbers of Americans there. They can vote us out of their club with perfect propriety. We can and must vote them out of our club. They are not clubbable with the great masses of the greatest Caucasian club in the world, the United States.

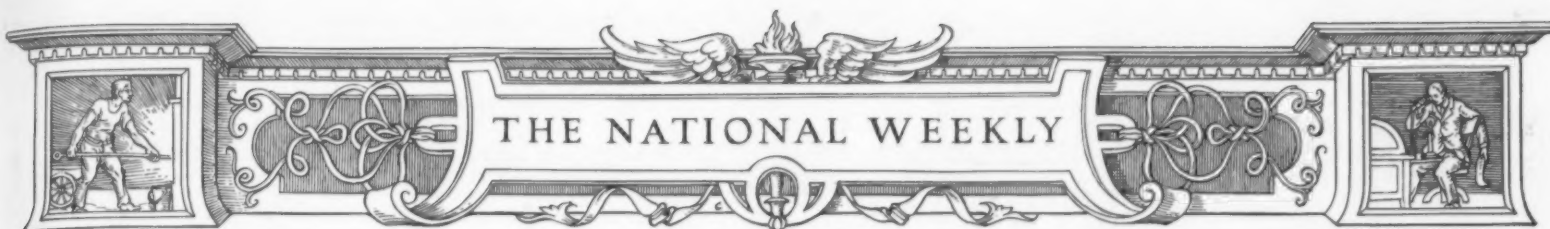
4—WE MUST EXCLUDE ANY RACE WHICH WE CANNOT ASSIMILATE

THE JAPANESE are not pioneers. If they were they could find a great deal of new land in the northern island of their own Empire, in Sakhalin, and in Manchuria. But they are not pioneers. They prefer tense competition with men in settled countries to the competition with nature in new lands. So they like to emigrate to established societies, like that of California. In these societies they can compete successfully with anyone. Their presence here, therefore, sets up an economic strife which is emphasized and embittered by their racial dissimilarity to us. If they came here only as they became enamored of the American people, the American flag, and the Caucasian civilization, we might say to all: "Welcome!"

But they do not so come. They do not like us any better than we like them. They do not understand us any better than we understand them. They cling to whatever differences there may be between their moral standards and ours. They see the many respects in which they are our superiors, and fail to understand or appreciate the many respects in which we are their superiors. They do not mix. They are hurled into our midst like javelins by the expulsive force of their poverty. This is as fundamental an objection to their domestication among us as their marked difference in looks.

Their presence among us in large numbers would raise a race issue far worse than the negro problem. For while the negro and the white have failed to cooperate in working out our problem of democracy, while we have great difficulty in being just to the negro, and while the negro problem is recognized as our greatest one, it would be worse if the negroes were Japanese. For the negroes have no home government to which they can appeal—a government armed and inspired with the fine race pride of the Japanese. If Santo Domingo and Hayti contained fifty millions of well-organized negroes, our present race question would be one of war.

We must not have war with Japan or China or a freed and independent Hindustan. *Therefore we must settle this matter now before it is too late. We must settle it now on the basis of our right to exclude any peoples whom we do not think we can take into our work of perfecting democracy. We must settle it before an alien nation is established in our midst—a nation of marked people, proud of their race, and ready to appeal to their ancient and powerful empire for aid in every quarrel with us. Half a million Japanese in this country would embroil us in war with Japan within half a decade. Let us stop the influx while the numbers are small and their interests still capable of being adjusted.*



A Near-Republican Party?

A FEW PUBLIC MEN whose status hovers upon the border line between the Republican and Progressive parties lately held a meeting in Chicago to consider means of reorganizing the old Republican party. Upon this proceeding, the most pertinent comment we can find is not in the daily or periodical press, but in a solid book of facts and information, "The World Almanac." In that sound repository of official information we find this:

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE—Chairman, CHARLES D. HILLES; secretary, JAMES B. REYNOLDS; treasurer, GEORGE R. SHELDON.

And in the list of members officially representing the various States:

New York, WILLIAM BARNES, JR.; Colorado, SIMON GUGGENHEIM; Massachusetts, W. MURRAY CRANE; Utah, REED SMOOT; Illinois, ROY O. WEST.

HILLES is the same chairman who was the respectable "front" for Mr. BARNES during all that happened last summer. REYNOLDS is the same henchman of Senator LODGE who was the secretary throughout the convention. SHELDON is the same fat fryer that the party has had for many years. BARNES, GUGGENHEIM, CRANE, SMOOT—but why go on? These men are at once the Board of Directors and the stockholders of the Republican party. All the conferences in the world can't change that. These men *are* the Republican party. They are going to stay the Republican party. If BARNES didn't run from all that was said about him last summer, it isn't likely that he is going to abdicate now in favor of such gentle doves of near-Republicanism as Senator CUMMINS and Senator KENYON. If any apparent abdication should transpire, it will be safe to look for a nigger in the woodpile. It won't help their political futures if Senators CUMMINS and KENYON should one day find themselves, without intention on their part, of course, in the position of stalking horses for BARNES, PENROSE, CRANE, and the rest of the Old Guard. BARNES and the others aren't the kind to become political enunches or dowager empresses. They are always going to have a political party, and the Republican party is going to be that party. There isn't going to be any denatured Republican party. This would be seen more clearly by the gentlemen who took part in the resurrection conference if their judgment was not clouded by pressing problems of their own political futures.

What Is the Answer?

ABOUT THE GRIMMEST possible affirmation of "the viewpoint of the insurance man"—whether fire or marine—may be found in a review of marine insurance for 1912 in the "Journal of Commerce":

Unusual interest attaches to the first year's settlement on the 1912 account owing to the loss of the *Titanic* and a number of quite formidable disasters. The public hears much of heavy losses, but naturally it does not hear so much of the steady inflow of premiums to meet them. With the increase in the size of ships and the rise in price of commodities, the cost of shipping disasters is likely steadily to increase. *The true underwriter does not regret them, for he recognizes that by them he lives; he merely sets to work to try to insure that the premiums shall be commensurate with the risk.*

Is there any possibility that this point of view will ever change so long as the man who does the insuring makes money out of it?

Arma Virumque

THE SYMPATHY of all good citizens will go out to Attorney MARSHALL HIGGINBOTHAM of Charleston, W. Va., who, fired with a praiseworthy ambition to add to the gayety of nations, announces in the public prints his application for a license to bear sundry arms; to wit, "a cannon and a corn cutter." Under the "pistol-toting" law of the State, any citizen desiring to go "heeled" must advertise his intention of procuring a license. Several justices of the peace and a large number of lawyers having made such application, Mr. HIGGINBOTHAM, in a spirit of caution for which the most captious could hardly criticize him, feels it due to himself to keep his armament up to par. "What chance would an ordinary lawyer have," he pertinently inquires in support of his notice, "if both the judge and opposing counsel are armed?" Then, resolving himself into the editorial plural, he continues: "We, therefore, make the foregoing application, not from any desire on our part to be burdened with artillery, but as a matter of simple justice to our clients. We merely desire to be fully equipped." Conducted upon these principles, legal procedure holds out golden prospects to the imagination. The court reporter of the immediate future will presumably enliven the pages of his newspaper with some such daily history as this:

CHARLESTON, W. VA., JUNE 1. (From our Special Correspondent's Bombproof Headquarters at the Courthouse.)—The case of JOHN SMITH, indicted for the larceny of a hog, came up for trial to-day. Every strategic shelter in the court room was occupied when Judge FYRETER took his seat on the bench and the elo-

quent prosecuting attorney, Colonel MCBING, opened his case with a fusillade from a Colt .45. For the defense, Congressman SWASHBUCK replied spiritedly with a blunderbuss. Refusing the request of the prosecution to charge the jury with a bayonet, the Judge summed up with distinguished fairness and a raking fire from a Gatling gun. The jury then retired on stretchers. After three hours of conscientious consideration of the evidence, all knives more than a foot long being barred, the survivor announced a verdict for the prisoner, who had meantime been removed to the morgue. Judge FYRETER expressed the conviction, in his ante-mortem statement, that the ends of justice had been substantially conserved and the majesty of the law upheld.

West Virginia's record in the immediate past has been far from uneventful, what with martial law, armed camps, and guerrilla warfare at the coal mines. With the future of legal practice as implied in Mr. HIGGINBOTHAM's appeal, it will be some time, one may hazard the guess, ere the white-winged dove of peace will set up a permanent establishment in the soft-coal State.

Politics and Business

LATELY WE POINTED OUT that in the recent Congress, out of thirty-four important committee chairmanships, twenty-eight were held by Southerners. (Roughly, the same will be true of the present House.) In further proof of the present ascendancy of the South in American politics, we pointed out that:

In the Senate the chairman of the Finance Committee is from North Carolina. Practically all the other important committee chairmanships have fallen to the same section. The President, five members of the Cabinet, and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court are Southerners.

Our comment on these facts was that the South being less fond of money than that portion of the North which supplied the bosses of the Republican party, we should expect a rather better and more wholesome spirit of government from the present régime. Now, of all possible persons who might disagree with this view, here comes Mr. WATTERSON. He says that our faith might have been well founded on the South of the past, but that now commercialism has eaten into honor:

The "Courier-Journal" wishes with all its heart that it could coincide . . . and cry "bravo" to [this] self-congratulatory optimism.

That which Senator HOAR said of the antediluvian public men of the South was true enough. They passed bucolic lives. They lived apart. Far from the madding crowd, they were but remotely touched, where touched at all, by the lowering influence of the centers of population.

In the South electoral bribery was unknown. So were large professional incomes. It cost a man nothing to run for Congress, and the pay of a Congressman was about as much as the average lawyer or doctor could earn in his practice.

Alas for human frailty, the same infirmities that coursed through Northern veins coursed [now] through Southern veins. . . . One word tells the whole story, "commercialism." . . .

Politics may not be quite as bad yet in the South as in the still more populous North, but it is on the way. The spirit of the age is not only gain, but dishonest gain—to get something for nothing.

But the corrupt use of money is not the worst of it; the worst of it is the lack of chivalry, of conviction, of generosity—of high, manly spirit—in a strife of which the rule has become every man for himself and devil take the hindmost. We cannot follow this. We think that this mellow and lovable old Kentuckian has had a moment of pessimistic gloom, most unusual for him, and for that we should be more sorry than for most of the rumors of disaster which fill the morning headlines.

One Effect of Commercialism as Now Organized

A VERY WISE British statesman, privately, advised an American statesman to postpone a conflict with Japan, if possible, for some years, "until modern industrialism shall have eaten into that nation."

Apologia

A FRIEND in Florida chastises us in language that might have been more urbane:

Why don't you study the English grammar? Why do you use, in SAX ROHMER'S "Fu-Manchu" story, such a grotesque phrase as: "To Smith and I"?

Because, dear brother, our average of errors runs about the same as that of most human institutions. There isn't any other explanation. The same fact accounts for our sentence: "The precise moral quality . . . was brought out in the cold clearness which is *only possible* in the question and answer form of homiletics." "*Possible only*" would have been better. Also, we wish to acknowledge to Mr. KEMP MALONE of Cuthbert, Ga., that he is right in charging that we used "complaisance" where it would have been slightly more exact to have said "complacence"; and, still worse, used the word "student" as if it and "pupil" were interchangeable. We ought not to have done these things. Precision in the use of words, like beauty, is worth while for its own sake; moreover, we happen to entertain the prejudice that slovenly language indicates lack of clear thinking, and that lack of correct processes of thought accounts for some cases of bad ethics.

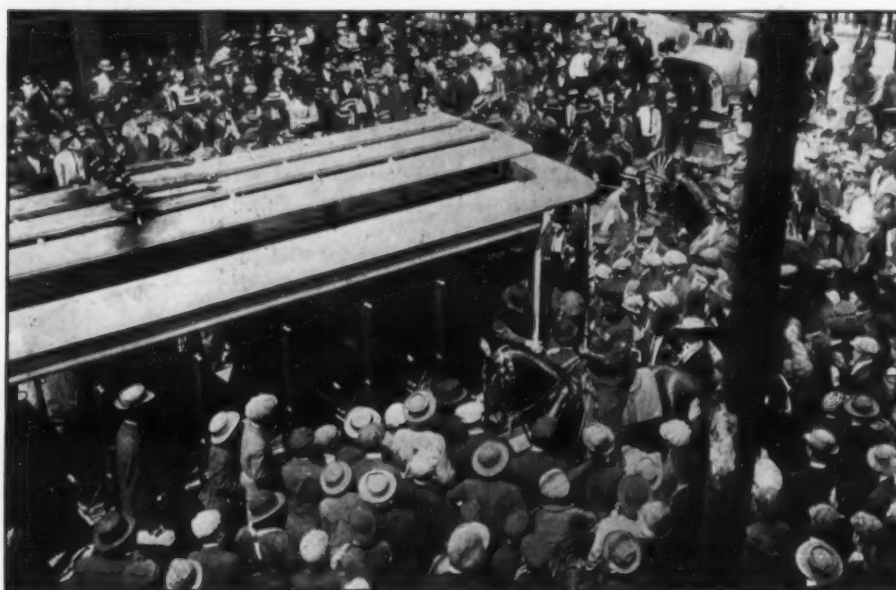


New York's East Side entered more than 200 babies in a baby health contest conducted by the workers of the University Settlement. To the surprise of some of the sociologists and the delight of the tenements,

14 of these scored 995 points out of a possible 1,000. Our gallery of these includes Mollie Pallas (sixth from the left), a Turkish miss who was adjudged nearest to perfection among babies aged six months to a year



Criticism of the artistic qualities of the National "Maine" Monument, which is to be unveiled in New York City on Memorial Day, has been so bitter that there is a possibility that the shaft may be altered or removed. It was built by national subscription at a cost of \$182,000



A strike of Cincinnati street-car employees for higher pay, better hours, and recognition of their union was comparatively peaceful for a week, then developed

into a series of riots. The car men were able to terrorize the strike breakers, and for several days not a car was run and strap hangers had to walk to work

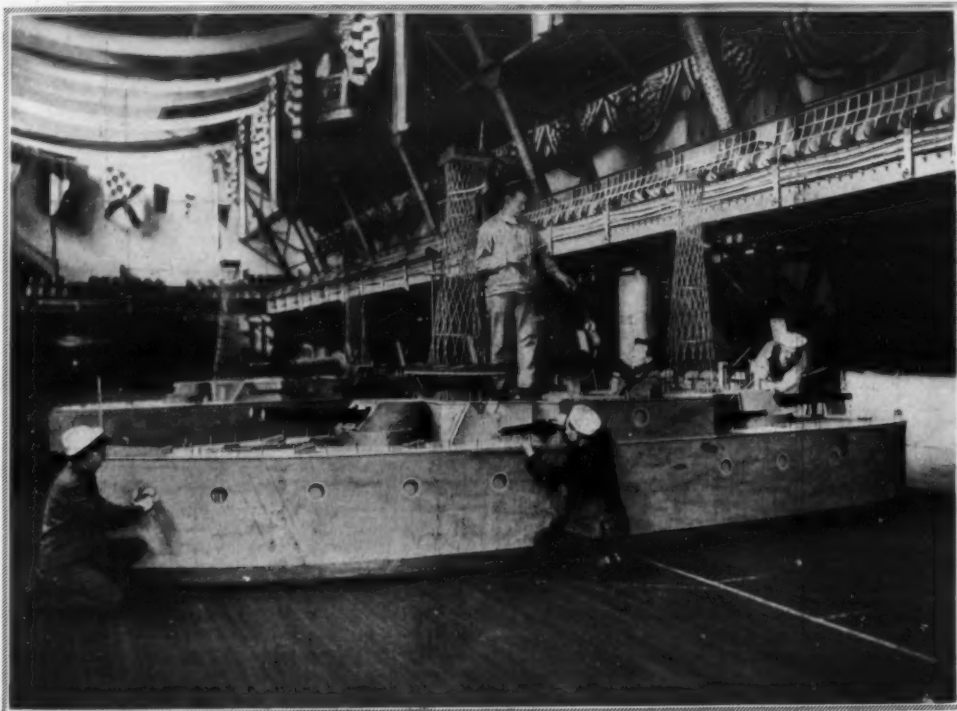


As an argument against the adoption of initiative and referendum, Representative King of Galesburg exhibited in the Illinois Legislature a sample ballot which stretched from the clerk's desk out into the rotunda. He tried to frighten his colleagues by predicting that if they approved the proposed reforms, the puzzled voter would find himself confronted by ballots thirty yards long

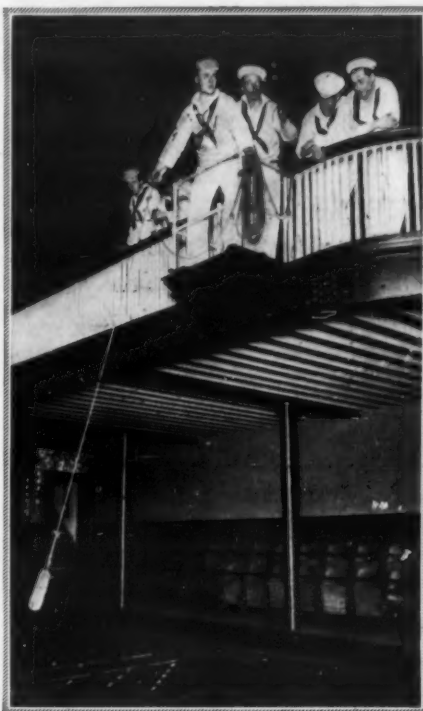


Unsympathetic audiences have been increasing the troubles of the English militants. This photograph

shows a crowd pulling a speaker down from a stand on the base of the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square



Miniature battleships on wheels permit of "indoor maneuvers"



Heaving the lead

Citizen Sailors in Training

By HENRY REUTERDAHL

MEN with sporting blood and instincts founded the naval militia—such yachtsmen as Butler Duncan, Zerega, and Nicholson Kane—and it was up and doing with no fancy touches. The Spanish War saw rich men scrub decks and man the ash whip and the coast patrol. Kane of the Yacht Club navigated the *St. Paul* under Sigsbee; the auxiliary cruiser *Yankee* was practically manned by naval militiamen; and King, the automobile man, stood as chief machinist at the throttle of the *Yosemite's* engines. Though Captain Brownson of the *Yankee* said that he was "tired of having letters of introduction to his own crew," he found that the "millionaire" tars had the makings of real sailormen.

It is not all beer and skittles for the naval militiaman, but mostly hard work. Not only does he work when the sun is high and summer is in the air; the photographs on this page, taken in the armory of the Second New York Battalion in Brooklyn, stand as evidence that he trains the year round. From a balcony he learns how to heave the lead before the gunboat is put into commission in the spring; on the floor of an armory he learns the sea's traffic rules before he boards a launch; and he perfects himself in signal work and small-arms practice before the approach of the cruising season.

Before learning the sea's "rules of the road" the man of the naval militia must know how to name the points of the compass in correct succession—in sea lingo,

to "box" it. A quartermaster, as in our photograph, teaches the recruits to understand that north by east is quite another story from east by north.

To teach the rules of the road and represent actual conditions in an interesting way, Lieutenant Commander Martin of the Second Battalion of the New York Militia hit upon the use of self-propelled miniature battleships, which, maneuvered on the armory floor, simulate the movements of real ships. These little vessels are equipped with regulation running lights. Thus the naval militiaman learns practically the old slogan:

"Green to green or red to red,
Perfect safety, go ahead!"

Another photograph shows the signal bridge on the armory floor, built like a man-of-war's and fully equipped. Here the signal gang, a fraternity by itself, learn their p's and q's, whether spelled by bunting or lights.

The mechanism of a modern gun is intricate, and the gun crew must be able to take down and assemble its movable parts.

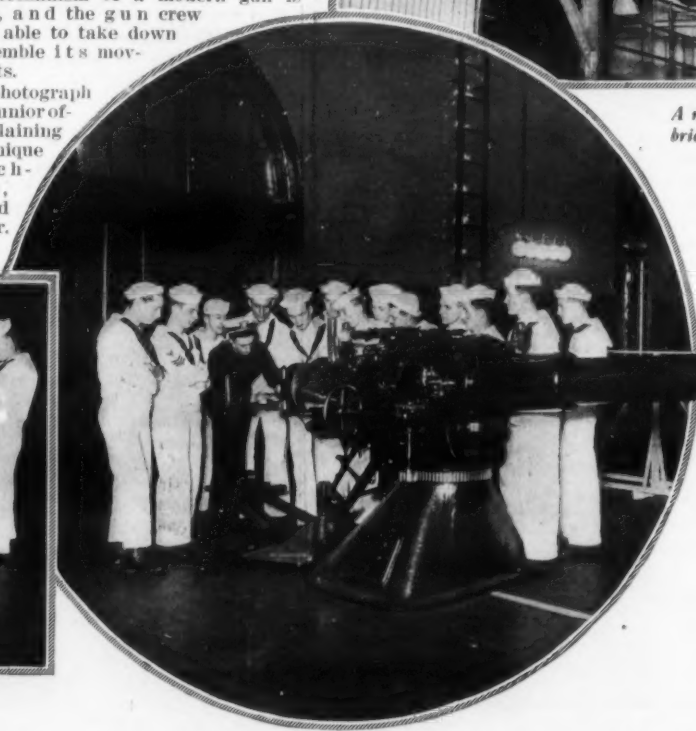
One photograph shows a junior officer explaining the technique of breech-blocks, sights and other gear.



A man-of-war signal bridge in an armory



Learning to box the compass



A junior officer explaining the intricate mechanism of a gun. A gun

crew must know how to take down and assemble the movable parts



Sending a Boy to Mill

By C. O. Shepard

SOME happenings are such essentially good stories that everybody who hears of them tells them again, and they get handed down in families. "Sending a Boy to Mill" is just one of these: a story, but not "fiction"; a happening, not dressed up and filled out, but told as the members of the Loyal Legion tell such heart-warming good jokes to one another.

EVERY man, woman, and child in the United States should understand the significance of the little red, white, and blue rosette which is seen in the buttonholes of a few white-haired men whose numbers are, alas, too rapidly decreasing.

That rosette is the emblem of the Military and Naval Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, and is evidence that the wearer was a commissioned officer—a veteran of the Civil War.

To perpetuate the fraternity and its traditions, the oldest son of a veteran, or a descendant of the oldest son, is admitted to the order, but is given a rosette of a different combination of colors. The veteran wears red, white, and blue; the descendant, only red and blue.

I was a kiddish kid when I enlisted in May, 1861, and although a first lieutenant when the war closed, it was still unnecessary for me to shave—but I did it, all the same, just to assure myself of my manhood. Those who wish to flatter me or borrow money say I kept my youthful looks well into the forties, and General John Gibbon once expressed that opinion under circumstances which it may not be uninteresting to relate.

Swinging in a hammock of a sultry afternoon, a few years ago, I received the following telegram:

BROOKLYN, June 16, 1895.

CAPTAIN MUSGROVE DAVIS:

Come to New York and join a lot of old-timers who are en route for the meeting of the Army of the Potomac at New London. We are going up the Sound and the best part of the boat is reserved for us.

HORATIO C. KING.

I ARRIVED at New York early in the day, but the heat drove me quickly to the steamer. The melting hours of the afternoon of June 17 passed slowly as I lolled upon the deck awaiting the arrival of the "old-timers." By half-past four they began to reach the dock. First appeared the stalwart form of General Webb.

General Parke soon followed, and in his wake colonels and captains galore.

I knew the majority of the swells, but had held too small a rank myself for them to know me.

When grand old Gibbon hove in sight, I smiled to myself and inwardly remarked: "I would like to remind the old gentleman of an incident, but what's the use—he wouldn't remember it."

Finally the only people of the party I knew reported—General King and his charming wife. I was of course introduced all around, but felt the more insignificant, because no one afterward gave me a thought. I was seemingly considered a "no count" civilian, for the talk was all among themselves, about themselves. Presently the boat started and we "shook down." Reminiscences were exchanged and a jolly good time all around followed—for every one but me.

I had my amusement, however, in the fact that while really of them, I was not counted as one of them, and my sinister thoughts served me until dinner time.

The herd having been served, our repast was spread in the afterpart of the boat. When it was announced, General Gibbon gave Mrs. King his arm. As they passed she plucked me by the sleeve and said in an undertone—out of compassion, I presume—"Come with me."

Perhaps thirty people sat down and the din was considerable. Mrs. King sat between General Gibbon and me. Soup and fish passed,



The rain came down in straight lines. All day the cavalry and infantry had been marching over the road and had reduced it to the consistency of mortar

and meanwhile I noticed that the General's gaze was frequently directed to my neck or that region.

I thought something must be wrong with my toilet, and I stealthily put up my hand to reassure myself.

I could discover nothing, but still the scrutiny continued. I was thoroughly uncomfortable, and was about to ask Mrs. King what was awry, when the old gentleman inclined toward me and said:

"Mr. Davis, I am sure you will pardon a liberty from an old man, but we vets are a little jealous of our order. I see that you wear a rosette of the first class, though, as a matter of fact, sons of veterans are restricted to one of a different combination of colors."

Mrs. King, who had overheard, was about to answer him, but a signal from me stopped her. I assured General Gibbon of my regret that any mistake should have occurred, declaring I would not knowingly sail under false colors, but that I had obtained the button at Legion Headquarters and supposed they had given me what I was entitled to.

Suiting the action to the word, I snatched the rosette from my coat and put it into my pocket.

"Oh! don't misunderstand," said the General; "I am sure you would not wittingly offend, and it was mostly on your account that I referred to the matter. It might be awkward for you some time. It's all right, and easily remedied." Then, noticing that the eyes of the entire table were upon us, he added: "I didn't mean to draw such general attention to so trivial a matter. We are delighted to have all you sons in the order, as you should be."

"Don't mention it, General," I replied. "I am only too thankful that you have referred to the matter. Perhaps, however, if you will answer me a few questions and let me explain, you will be inclined to condone my offense."

"Oh, certainly. I hope I have not hurt your feelings; anything to atone."

With a warning look at General King, I proceeded:

"General Gibbon, I made a pretty close student of the movements of the Army of the Potomac. About the other armies I am a little misty, but with the Army of the Potomac I

tried to make myself acquainted. I think I can even outline your honorable service in it. I believe, General, that you were chief of artillery to General McDowell at the first battle of Bull Run; that you commanded a brigade in the First Corps at Antietam and until late in 1862, when you took a division in the same corps. Subsequently, you commanded the Second and then the Twenty-fourth Corps?"

"Yes, that is true," was the answer.

"The march of both the Union and the Confederate armies after leaving Harper's Ferry, November 7, 1862, was a sort of race down their respective sides of the Bull Run Mountains, was it not? The Confederates in the Shenandoah Valley, and our army on the eastern side, each hoping to get through one of the gaps first, in order to turn the other's flank and cut it off from Washington or Richmond, as the case might be?"

"That was about it," the General replied with a wondering look, "but how—"

"Pardon me, General, for one moment. If I have read history correctly, your division, one cold, rainy November night, arrived at Snicker's Gap in the Bull Run Mountains, where you received from Corps Commander General Reynolds an order to hold the Gap at all hazards and against all comers, as it was feared that the Confederates might try to get through."

"That is a fact; but I should like to know—"

"One moment more, please. You were without artillery, I believe, General, and you told the Corps Commander that you must have it."

"Exactly. I told him that otherwise I would not be held responsible."

"I think he then gave you an order for any artillery that could be found?"

"He did."

"And your staff was so busily engaged that you asked General Benton to lend you an aide?"

"Well, I don't remember about that."

"You did, General Gibbon—at least, so I have read—and when that aide reported, you looked him over from head to foot and said, rather impatiently: 'I can't send a boy to mill?'"

With a laugh, General Gibbon disclaimed any recollection of the circumstance, but I persisted:

"You did, General, at least so history says. That aide was young, small, and smooth-faced, but as a



first lieutenant he had a great idea of his own importance, and drawing himself up to his full five feet and four inches, he replied, with a salute, but rather warmly: "General Gibbon, I may be young and I may be small, but if you will give me the order, I'll get there, sir."

"Well, well, you have the best of me on details," responded the General.

"You hesitated a moment, General, eyed the youngster again, and finally exclaiming: 'Egad! I think you will,' placed the order in his hands. Did you get your artillery, sir?"

"Why, yes; I got it some time in the night. At all events, I remember I was ready for anything in the morning."

"Yes, General, you got the battery at about twelve o'clock, midnight."

"Probably I did, since you say so, for you seem to have details that I have forgotten and never saw recorded. It's very mysterious. What is the meaning of all this?"

"Simply, General Gibbon, that you hurt my feelings very much when you told me you couldn't send a boy to mill. You angered me; you put me on my

mettle, and I rode that night as I never rode before or since."

"What! Do you mean to say that you are the boy I sent to mill?"

"I am the boy, sir."

THE General's head fell upon his bosom and for a space he was silent, while a pin might have been heard to drop. The moisture welled up in his eyes. Finally he straightened himself, arose, came around behind me, and putting his arms about my neck, in broken voice asked:

"Where is that button?"

"Oh, General," I laughed, "I can't sail under false colors. Sons of veterans are only entitled to a rosette of a different combination of colors, you know."

He found the rosette in my pocket, however, and without a word restored it to its place. The demonstration was affecting, and eyes unaccustomed to tears yielded to the heart's emotion.

By this time the company had become interested, and all joined in a request for details. The General, having regained his self-possession, added his mandate, and I proceeded:

"It was past five o'clock, sir, when, with two orders, I started upon my mission."

"You armed me with that order of General Reynolds and a requisition upon any quartermaster for all horses that I might need. I was to spare neither man nor beast. I was to get a battery and P. D. Q. too. You told me to keep to the Harper's Ferry Road, which order I soon found was easier issued than complied with. The rain came down in straight lines. All day the cavalry and infantry had been marching over the road and had reduced it to the consistency of mortar. The mud was deep but the darkness was deeper. Fences there were none. They had long before gone up in smoke to boil the coffee and warm the bodies of both the contending armies."

"Into ditches and over our horses' heads we went time and again, but the soaked ground offered but little injurious resistance."

A camp fire sometimes gave us a moment's helpful light, but, more frequently, it lured us to grief in the form of logs and tent guys which the glare made invisible.

"You know, sir, that nothing is more demoralizing to horse or rider than a maze of crossed tent guys."

(Concluded on page 38)

His Last Argument

By Horace Howard Herr

GIVEN a determined man and a burning cause—when words have failed to win a victory, what form will argument take next? Will he rely on action or on illustration? Or will it be on both? Bradford of the "Morning Chronicle" simply had to win with his last argument. You will like his choice.

THE dead line for the bulldog edition but an hour away, the confusion in the local room of the "Morning Chronicle" office would have been sufficiently realistic for Bradford without the metallic clatter of two telephone bells which, on the table just behind the city editor's desk, seemed to be engaged in some kind of a noise contest.

Bradford drew a final black line through an offending paragraph of the copy before him, wrote an "inside" order on the upper left corner, and tossed the much-disfigured manuscript into the copy basket. In the moment he debated as to which jingling phone should be favored by his attention, he declared with some asperity that he would like to see both of them installed in Hades as a means of communication between the furnace room and the coal yard.

"Hello-hello," he snapped as he took down the nearer receiver. The two words held a more insinuating accusation than could have been crowded into a thousand maledictions by an irate sailor; a judicious use of accent gave the words a lack of orthodoxy approaching the profane.

For the next minute the other telephone rendered a nervous solo to an indifferent audience. Bradford drew a pad of copy paper to a convenient place on his desk and began to reproduce the design which makes a Chinese laundry ticket unique among contemporary literary enigmas. Occasionally he interrupted this devotion to Oriental art long enough to ask a question or give a command. Questions and commands were rare specimens of brevity.

"Spell it," he ordered. "G for George, Z for Zebra. I got you. Go ahead."

During the pause which followed, the other telephone became so active that Bradford extended his pencil hand, took down the receiver, only to leave it unanswered on the table.

"Where does she live?" he asked the reporter on

the other end of the wire. "Where, Argentine—and the number?—All right, Smith, camp right there at the station. The minute they arrest the doctor, telephone me. We can't use his name until the police have him. Now, Smith, you know we publish a paper up here every morning."

The telephone receiver went up with a click, and Bradford looked down the long room where a half-dozen reporters were contributing their respective shares to the publication and the confusion.

TO THE city editor there was always a crying need for just one more man. The need was so apparent that Bradford gave it emphatic expression as Pendergraff, by virtue of his corpulence and ownership the biggest man about the "Chronicle," came up. While the publisher recited his set speech about the necessity of economy in the present and the possibilities of prodigal liberality in the future, the city editor considered; future liberality would not round up the story in question.

There was Hucker, just the man, but his typewriter was reeling out the lead on the street-car accident;

Jackson's smile was an infallible sign that he was writing one of those weird feature stories which Bradford had grown to consider one of the necessities of life. Cregg—the local room could not operate without Cregg.

There was Miss Brown, who, when she had applied for a place, admitted that she was a journalist; just for a moment Bradford was tempted to send her. The unholy thought that she might never return from the hills and hollows of the most inaccessible suburb was promptly throttled.

"Anybody usin' this phone?" yelled the office boy, discovering the neglected receiver on the table behind the city desk.

"See who it is," ordered Bradford without turning around.

"S' Havens."

The office boy's announcement brought Bradford's swivel chair about with unprecedented alacrity, and terminated Pendergraff's discourse on the wages of the future.

"Havens, where are you?" asked the city editor. "Union depot.—Well, you know Argentine pretty well, get this name and address. James Zarboe—No, no, Z, last letter in the alphabet. Yes, that's it. Four-naught-four-one, Bridge Street.—That's it. Listen, Havens, this looks like a real story for us. Rona Zarboe, a high-school girl, was arrested over here an hour ago, in a raid on Kim Tong's chop-suey joint. Dr. Godfrey was with her, but the police let him get away. Family doesn't know about it. You get out there and break the news. Just wait a minute, now. Some one must break the news. Her father is a railroad conductor and gets in from his run at one-thirty; you meet him and be sure to get a good story on what he says and does. For Heaven's sake, Havens, whip up a little, we're running a daily paper up here, you know. City edition dead line at three o'clock. Sure, get a taxi if you need it; anything, just so you get the story by press time."

Besides having more money and flesh than any other man in Bend City, Martin Pendergraff had acquired the conviction that he was a newspaper genius. His early training for a newspaper career had been peddling papers on the streets. He had come from the station of a newsboy to that of sole owner of a metropolitan daily by way of an unexpected and moderate inheritance, successful theatricals, and municipal contracts.

He was an exceptional man, in weight, in money, and in ideas, and he knew it.



Besides having more money and flesh than any other man in Bend City, Martin Pendergraff had acquired the conviction that he was a newspaper genius

"Sounds like a good story," said Pendergraff as Bradford hung up the receiver and turned to his copy-littered desk.

If there was a real calamity, in Bradford's opinion, it was to have Pendergraff's 280 pounds of corpulency in the office when a story broke. Strawbridge, the managing editor who had but recently been graduated from the advertising department of a patent-medicine house, seemed to have a very real horror of being found in the office after midnight. Bradford would have been satisfied if Pendergraff had emulated this behavior.

"Sounds like a corking good yarn," said Pendergraff, his first expression of interest having been met by a long silence.

"We've argued that point so often," replied the city editor, bearing down on the big black pencil so hard that the point went off with a snap. "I've nothing new to offer. If marking a girl for life for a very natural indiscretion is a good story, then this is a corking good yarn."

PENDERGRAFF liked Bradford. The fact that the latter got out a very creditable paper in spite of Strawbridge and the owner may have had something to do with Pendergraff's feeling toward him. Work! Bradford was always working, and while taking no note that he made two trips to Bradford for every one made to Strawbridge, Pendergraff had not missed the fact that even Strawbridge always visited the city editor before expressing an opinion on any question which even remotely suggested a technical knowledge of newspaper organization or production.

"You take the job too serious," said Pendergraff in a tone meant to be pacifying. "Entirely too serious. You know we're not here to educate or uplift; we're here to entertain and give the people what they want. These risqué little stories, a picture and red ink, you know, Bradford, that's what makes 'em sit up and take notice. Scandal is just as palatable to the rich as it is to the poor."

"Yes," replied Bradford. "I've heard the whole argument. We've thrashed it out so often that there is nothing more to say. Some day we will venture so far that we'll be barred from the mails."

"No danger of that as long as you're on this desk," laughed Pendergraff. "That's a good story. Play it up, give it a good position on the front page, and get a little of that sob stuff in it; you know what I mean. They'll eat it up."

The owner of the "Chronicle" succeeded in swinging himself about and getting into motion toward his private office in the rear of the big room. He had traveled half of the distance when he stopped and called to Bradford—it was a habit with him, there was something theatrical in it. It was his way of letting the force know who was the master.

"Bradford, be sure to give that story big type and red ink. Now don't forget. I want it on the first page. I'll drop in again at three o'clock to see how you're getting on."

"Why don't he hire a hall?" muttered Hucker as he slipped another sheet of copy paper into his machine.

"They say he never uses a telephone on a long-distance call," replied Clegg. "Just sticks his head out the window and talks in an ordinary tone."

About all of Pendergraff's admonition lingering with the city editor was the reference to the visit at three o'clock.

"I'm going to have my last argument with Martin Pendergraff at three o'clock," muttered Bradford.

"What'd you say?" asked the office boy as he looked up from a comic supplement.

"Get me the proofs," was the order which awarded his unusual attention.

IN STRAWBRIDGE'S absence the "Chronicle" organization recognized Bradford's authority. After the bulldog edition, published for the benefit of the country subscribers, had gone to press and the energies of the institution were being assembled for the production of the city edition, Bradford began to use that authority in a manner that made the composing-room foreman loquacious and the copy-desk men profane.

Proofs on stories which, by the "Chronicle" standard, were "hot stuff" came down the chute marked "kill." The copy readers repeatedly were asked to rewrite a three-column, thirty-six-point head, that it might be reset in a single column, in modest letters.

Bradford volunteered no explanation, and there was no one who considered it pertinent to ask for one.

There was nothing to indicate that Bradford's mind was not on his work; there was the usual terseness and intelligence in each assignment, the same mechanical precision in his desk work. Apparently he had the situation, to its last detail, in his mind. As a matter of fact, he was working much as an engine runs after the steam has been shut off. His mind was marshaling the events of the past year.

PENDERGRAFF had owned the "Chronicle" for a year. It had been a losing proposition when he bought it, and it was still a losing proposition. Bradford was sure that he knew why. He had given the corpulent owner the benefit of this knowledge on



"You take the job too serious," said Pendergraff, "entirely too serious. We're not here to educate or uplift."

several occasions, but he had made the fatal mistake of telling the truth without decking it out in diplomacy.

"You're throwing money away as long as you follow this policy of insulting the public," said Bradford. Immediately Pendergraff was sure that his city editor was a good worker, under proper direction and guidance.

"You're getting out a bully paper, too good in fact; the people don't appreciate it," said Strawbridge. Immediately Pendergraff threw out his chest and expressed the conviction that his managing editor was a man of discrimination and judgment.

NO LOGIC could counteract that effect of cunning cajolery; Pendergraff had too much money to be seriously impressed by an economy argument.

But a last argument had come to Bradford. A week back it had been revealed to him by Pendergraff's most human attachment, Loretta Mannering.

Pendergraff's sister, having married the proprietor of a corner grocery, had no great fortune and consequently had found time for children. Pendergraff's wealth had occupied his time to the exclusion of matrimony, but he had become strangely attached to Loretta, his sister's oldest daughter. By the time the girl was nineteen years old, her uncle's attachment had grown into a pagan religion.

The one thing Pendergraff worshiped, the one person with whom he was truth and uprightness personified, was Loretta; he would have forsworn his wealth rather than cause her pain, and he would have burned the "Chronicle" office before even thinking of holding up her indiscretions for the entertainment of "Chronicle" readers.

Bradford knew all this. Also he was aware that but three days ago Loretta had been coaxed into an attempted elopement by Pendergraff's chauffeur. The couple had been caught in a little village less than fifty miles away, and the whole affair had been promptly suppressed; just how, Pendergraff knew better than anyone else.

It was near two o'clock when Havens came in from his trip to Argentine. He was in a mood anything but angelic, and evidently was not particular who knew it.

"Bradford," he began rather curtly as he stopped at the city desk, "there must be a limit to how far this

sheet will go. This is a hell of a story—that's just what I mean. I don't want to write it, and I'll take my pay check before I work up another one like this."

The city editor felt the impulse to admit that the story was just as Havens described it. Instead, with the deliberation necessary to sustain his editorial dignity, he looked up and smiled.

"No occasion for excitement or profanity," he said. "If I had thought for a minute that you were so hardened that the story wouldn't appeal to you, I wouldn't have sent you out on it. I believe you're almost human. The people will be interested in your impressions, and you're just the man to write it. Run on now and do your little best—it's getting along toward that time."

"That time" in Havens's mind was the dead line on the city edition; in Bradford's mind it was the hour in which he was to have something unusual to say to the power that signed his pay check.

Havens withdrew to a desk far down the long room, and was presently absorbed in the gentle art of bending a typewriter as if literary merit depended upon the amount of muscular energy applied at the keyboard. Bradford settled down over a large pad of copy paper and began to write by hand.

THIRTY minutes later Havens placed his copy on his chief's desk.

"That's thirty for me," he said.

"Good night," replied Bradford without looking up.

"That story may not suit you," Havens suggested.

"Good night," repeated Bradford, and continued writing.

Five minutes after Havens left the office Bradford gathered up a dozen pages of hand-written copy, reviewed it hastily, and passed it over to the solitary copy reader who yet remained on the desk as protection on the "dogwatch."

"Give it a three-column spread, first page, must," ordered the chief. "I have another story to play the same way opposite it."

Bradford took Havens's typewritten pages and began to read, making a mark here or there to correct the vagaries of an overworked typewriter. He added a paragraph to the story and rewrote several lines of the lead before he sent it on to the copy desk.

"Here's the chop-suey-raid yarn," he remarked as he finally dropped the copy in the basket. "Get the meat in the head. Play it three columns to match that elopement story, and shoot it down as quick as you can. I'm going to the composing room."

It was just three o'clock in the morning when the first page of the "Chronicle," always last to go in, was sent back to the stereotypers. Fritz Crowley, the make-up foreman, thought it was a very good-looking page with a three-column sensation on either side. Bradford had insisted on having a proof made of the page after the form had been locked. This unusual procedure had worried Crowley, but as the chief expressed himself satisfied with the proof, the foreman was ready to forgive him the order which had made extra work.

With the last page on the steam table, Crowley started toward the wash room, knowing that he could catch the owl car, which passed the office in ten minutes, if he lost no time. He had reached the door when Bradford called him back.

"Crowley, pull back the first page," and the city editor dropped his voice so that no one could hear his words but Crowley. There was an argument and gestures, and finally the foreman smiled and Bradford started upstairs to the editorial rooms, the proof sheet of the first page in his hand.

PENDERGRAFF was as punctual as one could expect a 280-pound man to be. He often insisted that if he had no more weight to carry than the average man he would always be on time. As it was he started on time but arrived from five to fifty minutes late. It was fifteen minutes after three when the biggest man in the "Chronicle" organization, Martin Pendergraff, editor and publisher, came into the editorial department.

He walked into his little private office, lighted a cigar, and unlocked his desk. He had just pushed up the roll top when Bradford stepped in, holding a page proof.

"Well, Brad"—it was always "Brad" when Pendergraff wanted to show that he was in an amiable mood—"did we get our story on the front page?"

"We did that," replied Bradford. (Concluded on page 31)

My Business Partner —

"Gym."

By
Samuel Hopkins Adams



IF A MAN is going to preach a sermon, he'd better be frank about it. This is a sermon. It is the experience of one who has recently found his way to business and physical salvation, and, like most people who have been "saved," yearns to go out proselytizing in the highways and byways and bring others into the fold. As I was an interested eyewitness and, to a minor extent, a participant in the cult whereby he profited, he preached his sermon to me, with the understanding that I was to write it out and thus propagate his gospel. Here, then, it is, plain and unvarnished:

THREE years ago I was making ten thousand dollars a year in a city of medium size. Two years ago, I fell off a little in earning power. At the end of last year I awoke to the fact that I had cleared less than eight thousand dollars, and that the insurance company of which I am one of the important agents was as ill satisfied with my showing as I myself was. Taking stock of myself I decided that I was becoming less fertile in ideas, and generally less efficient. Also I discovered that my interest in life had waned perceptibly. Amusements didn't enliven as much, sleep didn't refresh as thoroughly, food didn't taste as good, and drink tasted better. Now, I've always been that kind of drinker who calls himself "moderate" because he doesn't get drunk. For years I had been accustomed to hear my friends say to me, or myself say to my friends, on meeting: "Let's have a cocktail." Now I began to hear myself say to myself: "Let's have a cocktail," without a friendly meeting to furnish the excuse. Was drink getting a hold on me? On the theory that it was, I cut it out. Immediately my nerves held a mass meeting of protest and indignation. My stomach went on a sympathetic strike and I began to suspect things of my lungs and liver.

Then I went to a doctor. He was a young, direct, emphatic doctor named Wright. At first he did not strike me favorably. My symptoms, as I detailed them with great care, seemed to bore him. He even advised me to forget them. Then, after he had been all over me, he opened up:

"How old are you?"

"Forty."

"How long have you felt fifty?"

I began to have a sort of alarmed respect for his powers of observation. "About three years, I guess."

"Ever exercise?"

"I used to when I was young."

"But not now?"

"I haven't the time."

"No, I suppose not. Well, you've lasted remarkably well, considering."

"Considering what?" I asked, liking neither the matter nor manner of this communication.

"Considering that you're suffering from a flabby degeneration of your whole system. Still, you may last several years yet."

This last was a wholly unscientific implication, as Dr. Wright afterward admitted. His excuse was that nothing but a severe jar would have stirred my lethargy. When I had stopped blinking, he proceeded to hand out this simple prescription:

"Regular exercise," said he.

"I walk every fair day."

"Exercise," he repeated firmly. "The sweating kind. One hour a day; six days a week."

"That means two hours away from

the office, counting dressing and undressing. What about my business?"

"What about your business, anyway?" asked the doctor keenly. "It calls for mental alertness and brain and nerve force, doesn't it?"

"It certainly does."

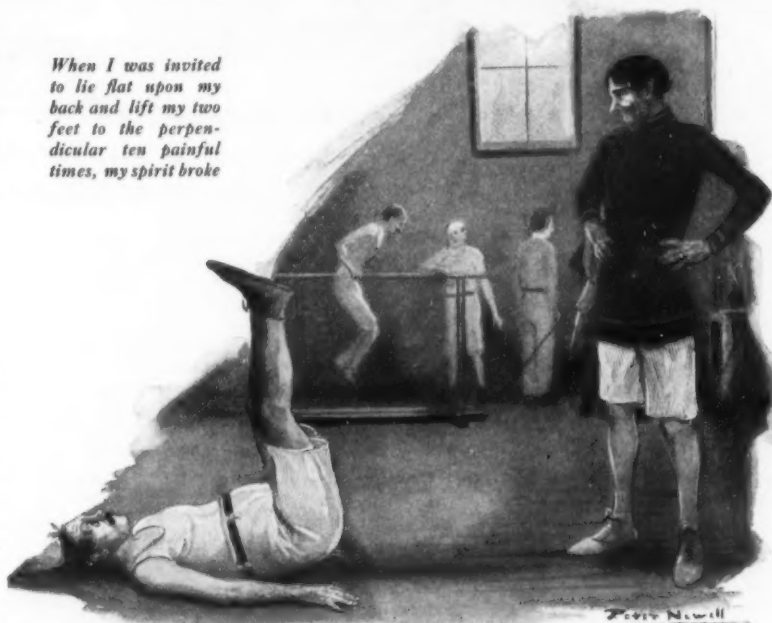
"Has it prospered for the last few years?"

At that I told him the truth.

"I'm going to give you a business partner, the gymnasium," he announced. "You start in next week with the regulars."

THUS it was that on a chill November day I lumbered through slush to the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, squirmed into a sleeveless shirt, and a scratchy sweater, tied a pair of tights around the too-obvious convexity of my waist, and went up to join the "business man's class," with much the same sensations as those of a new boy on the opening day of school. They looked dishearteningly young and lithe and nonchalant, those "business men," with the exception of two, both of whom appeared well over fifty; and those two only added to my discouragement by the ease with which they performed the various stunts of dumb-bell practice, and bodily contortion constituting the opening of the hour. Even the simplest of calisthenics left me gasping, and when I was invited, by inference and example, to lie flat upon my back and lift my two feet to the perpendicular ten painful times, my spirit broke. There was little left of ambition for the closing exercise of volley ball. This consists of two teams knocking and returning

When I was invited to lie flat upon my back and lift my two feet to the perpendicular ten painful times, my spirit broke



a large inflated ball across a very high net, the general principle being that of tennis. I could see that the game itself was interesting, but my portion was pure humiliation. Then and there I became known as the Human Handicap. When I tottered out upon the street, I was so exhausted that my usual cocktail did me no good. I took a second, which didn't help, either. Thoroughly disgusted with life, I went home, ate almost nothing, crawled into bed and slept ill, by reason of developing lameness.

AT four o'clock on the following day in came Dr. Wright.

"How do you like my ally, Gym., as partner?" he asked.

"I put in most of last night hating him and you, too. Besides he's too ghastly expensive. I've got to have an extra clerk if I take two hours a day. Look at this estimate."

And I held out a tabulation which I had carefully made up as follows:

| | |
|--|---------|
| Yearly salary of clerk..... | \$1,000 |
| Estimated loss by absence, two hours per day, at \$5 per hour..... | 3,000 |
| Gymnasium expenses | 60 |
| Liniments, embrocations and medicines (estimated) | 300 |
| Total | \$4,360 |

He looked it over carefully. "Maybe it won't be as bad as that," said he. "Come, it's time to go down."

"No class this afternoon," I growled. "Every other day."

"There's a little game called handball," he returned cheerfully. "I'll teach it to you myself."

Only the fear of self-conviction as a "quitter" moved my congested muscles and creaking joints gymnasiumward that day. Handball proved to be a guileless-appearing game consisting in batting a rubber ball against a board surface with the hand. The inner purpose was, as I subsequently discovered, to search out and torture every undeveloped muscle and sinew that hadn't been agonized by the previous day's outrages. I was no more brilliant at handball than I had been at volley ball. But at one thing I was a superb success, and that was perspiration. I emerged from the floor fairly dripping and with a gigantic thirst. And, logically, as soon as I was dressed I made for the saloon, taking the doctor with me. Force of habit brought the word "cocktail" to my lips. The doctor ordered a tall glass of draught ale.

"And now," said he when the drinks were served, "how will you trade?"

IT WAS suddenly borne in upon me that I wanted nothing in the world so much as that tall, cool ale.

Without a word, I pushed my short and biting drink away, seized the doctor's beaker and engulfed it. He emptied the cocktail into a cuspidor.

"So endeth the first lesson," he observed.

Then and there my cocktail habit died an almost painless death. Sometimes, after the hard sweat I drank ale, more often sarsaparilla or water; but no hard liquor. The more powerful craving of thirst had supplanted the desire for stimulation.

The misery of the first week, however, was severe. Not only did my soft muscles ache, and my soft flesh bruise; but my whole physical being seemed to protest against the strain. I drowsed at my desk. My brain was lethargic. Dictating letters was difficult, and as for planning out new lines of business, I was worse than useless. The second week there was a mental improvement. But the gymnasium itself, now that the novelty was wearing off, was a bore beyond expression. I looked forward to it with loathing. At the end of the fortnight, I compiled this reckoning of business under the partnership with "Gym.":

| | |
|--|----------|
| Clerk's salary..... | \$ 1,000 |
| Estimated loss by absence..... | 3,000 |
| Decreased efficiency..... | 3,000 |
| Misery, suffering, and degradation | 10,000 |
| Gymnasium expenses..... | 60 |
| Liniments, etc..... | 1 |
| Total..... | \$17,061 |

"Liniments and medicines seem to have decreased," observed Dr. Wright. "Now here's an entry for the profit side," and he subscribed my account:

| | |
|--|----------|
| Saving on cocktails at estimated rate of 5 per day at 15 cents apiece: 75 cents a day; or for the year, say..... | \$ 270 |
| Expense of ale and soft drinks at 10 cents a day..... | 36 |
| Balance | \$ 234 |
| Grand balance..... | \$16,827 |

The turning of the tide came with the arrival, in the gymnasium, of a new aspirant, who was a worse lobster than I. I found that I could beat him at handball. Straightway my ambitions rose and soared. I improved my game, and began really to enjoy the play. Next I found myself taking active interest in volley ball, and from the lowly position of "Human Handicap" became a reckonable member of my team. Even the mechanical effort of the calisthenics was endurable because it helped to fit me for the contest of the sport to follow. Then one day when I forgot my belt—a wholly superfluous cincture in the days of my old rotundity—my trousers all but brought me to public shame as I emerged from my front door, by slipping over my depleted form. That night I sent all my clothes to the tailor, to be reduced, and thereafter took to weighing myself, and bragging over every vanishing pound. At the end (Concluded on page 28)



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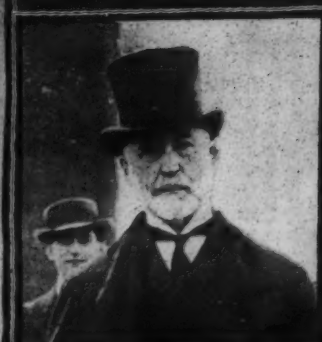
Garage of twenty motor cars. His cars are equipped with Warners.

**Clarence H. MacKay**

His cars are equipped with Warners.

**Charles M. Schwab**

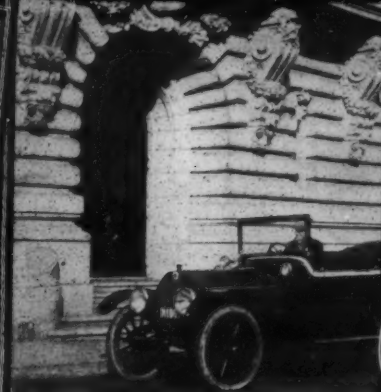
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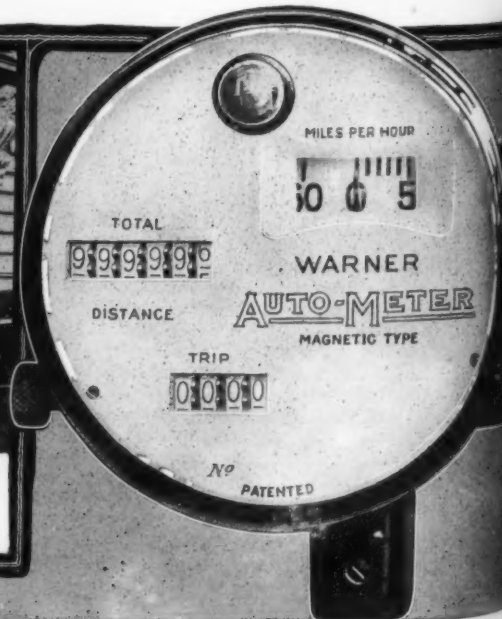
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PURE FOOD

A DEPARTMENT CONDUCTED
BY LEWIS B. ALLYN



Food Education de Luxe

RECENT pure-food campaigns in two towns supply illustration of the value of cooperation between the housewives, the grocers, and the Board of Health.

In a town of the Middle West the sale of adulterated food was large. This was realized by the members of the local woman's club, the members of which were willing to do whatever they could to cure the abuses arising from the use of impure foods. Their spirit and enthusiasm were beyond question.

These women knew the rudiments of the pure-food problem; for instance, that grocers should not be permitted to sell sulphureted molasses; that they should not deal in drugged jams or trade on children's ignorance by dispensing shellac, glue, dye, and the like as confectionery.

For some reason there was not cooperation between the women and the grocers. And for that, and probably other reasons, the grocers did not join in the campaign, and a degree of resentment was generated, which finally prevented the good results which should have been attained.

Two Sharply Contrasting Campaigns

THE following letter from one of the dealers is quoted in proof of this. Probably he had been fussed with and pestered, and not given the opportunity of doing cooperative thinking with his housewife customers and the health authorities. The grocer writes:

We will not go further, but simply add that Government inspection of foods affords ourselves, and the consumers as well, the strongest and highest protection; and, with due deference to your advice, we shall continue to pass out over the counter goods backed up by Uncle Sam's guarantee as to purity and wholesomeness. And, in doing this, we shall make no mistake nor impose any evil.

It is not our purpose in this article to discuss the things suggested by the phrases "Government protection" or any other hasty statements penned by the angry grocer. It is enough to say that that campaign was abandoned, as one of the women said, "because the grocers were not sympathetic."

In sharp contrast, however, is the record of a campaign in Bronxville, near New York City—a campaign which was effective, and leaves all the social elements in that community in good spirits, and the health of the people protected by every device known to modern food science, because there was hearty cooperation.

Two months ago the constructive food campaign of COLLIER'S, and some passages from Alfred W. McCann's "Starving America" in the New York "Globe," found ready and sympathetic response in the town of Eastchester. The Eastchester Health League was formed, with Mrs. Almon C. Barrell as president and Mr. Isaac F. Harris, the research chemist of Yonkers, as secretary-treasurer.

Here Was Hearty Cooperation

THE purpose of the league was "the promotion of better health through pure foods, hygiene, and sanitation."

Note how differently this campaign was managed from the one previously mentioned in this article. "Come with us," said the officers of the league to the grocers, "and advise us. Let us work together."

"Come with us," said the league and the grocers to the Board of Health, "and give us your cooperation."

"Come with us," said the league, the grocers, and the Board of Health to the public, "and we will all pull together."

And they all came.

Following COLLIER'S suggestion of the value of public exhibits, they went immediately to work upon this important project. A big banner stretching across the street at the railway station bore the slogan of the

campaign, an apt and fitting phrase for any pure-food movement: "To Enlighten, Not to Frighten!"

A more fitting place to hold an educational and sanitation exhibit could not be found than the Bronxville public school, and so one of the largest rooms was set apart for the entire week and devoted to this enterprise. Thus it was clear that the school department looked with favor upon the progressive idea.

"We will cooperate with you," said the New York State Department of Agriculture.

"We will come, too," said the United States Department of Agriculture Bureau of Chemistry, and the Washington National Exhibit was given a prominent place.

"Count us in," said the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station; and so John Philip Street's valuable collection came down from New Haven.

"There is a pure-food show every day at Ilse's," said Henry Ilse, the pure-food grocer of Bronxville. "We had a mighty hard time supplying the ladies of the health league with impure foods—we had no trouble at all to supply the good ones. In part at least, as a matter of business policy, we do not care to carry condemned products."

"A few years ago," said Mr. Ilse, "we would have had to hunt for the pure products, but now the manufacturers are more careful with their goods and of the public health; and the more careful they are, the greater is their success. We glanced through 'The Westfield Book of Pure Foods,' and then we went over the stock of our store. There was not a single food heading that did not contain the same food products that were on our shelves." And Mr. Ilse seemed justly proud of this significant fact.

The Children Help in Demonstrating

THIS exhibition schoolroom bore testimony to the spirit of progress which is making for better foods. There was nothing "yellow" about it, but there was a decided spirit of aggressiveness well calculated to make any food juggler feel blue. A low workbench was arranged across one entire side of the room, at which children from the grades under the supervision of Mr. Harris were performing interesting experiments upon food products.

"Why bleach the sirups and dye the confectionery?" read the big sign; and there were the children bleaching sponges and cloth and straw hats with the self-same bleacher of the dried fruit and molasses.

Here was another sign: "We dye candies for children. Why not dye the sugar for ourselves?" Here again were the children taking coal-tar dye from jelly beans, autops, and a score of other penny specialties, and dyeing not only cloth and ribbons and yarns, but also bowls of sugar to see what the effect would be. Confections from the local market containing coal-tar dyes and other frauds kept a half dozen little people busy with glue, shellac, lampblack, and ethers. One little fellow was industriously engaged in putting a high polish on a pair of tan shoes, said polish being taken from low-grade licorice strings. "Black your shoes while you wait," read the sign over this section.

The children as well as the spectators were full of interest and enthusiasm over the demonstrations. They were not told that they would drop dead by eating any of these misused products; but one little chap, who over in the corner was painting a Cubist picture with dyes taken from various food products, said that "these things were most generally used to cheat people with." The word "poison" was not employed so far as could be learned.

A table in the corner was termed the Label Booth. Thereupon appeared various food products in cases, packages, and bottles, some of them bearing honest, straightforward labels, others of the sneaking, lying type.

Here appeared the imitation and the compound; here the pure product. The points characteristic of the labeling were made clear to all visitors. Each was

informed that the signs appearing in this exposition were painted from local confectionery and food colors.

Dietetics were not ignored, for, besides learning the frauds connected with foods, one learned how best to spend the dollar for food products. Here was shown a basket filled with products for which one dollar had been paid. It was labeled: "Poor Value for Your Money," and when one read the labels on the packages, he understood why the value was low. Another basket bore the label: "Good Value for Your Money," and its lesson was equally obvious.

Several manufacturers of pure-food products had displayed their wares to good advantage in this room.

Natural Foods Are Most Nourishing

PERHAPS, after all, one of the most interesting and valuable lessons of the show was the fact that denatured foods, or foods robbed of their God-given constituents, are not conducive to health. There were cages of chickens which had been fed for several weeks past under conditions as nearly alike as possible, differing only in the kind of food.

Some of the chickens were fed on natural brown rice, whole wheat, and other whole grains, while others were fed on polished rice, pearled wheat, or denatured breakfast foods. In every instance the latter trio had lost in weight and apparent vitality, while the first three had made surprising gains in weight and were, to all appearances, in a thriving condition. Looking at this living display, one was bound to ask himself the question: "What is the effect upon me and upon my children if we eat denatured and debased foodstuffs?"

The success of the Bronxville exhibit is due to the universal cooperation of all interested parties. If one was not interested, steps were promptly taken to make him so. Thus a little village with a few determined people believing in an ideal and blessed with common sense has helped forge the fetters which shall eventually bind the adulterator of our foods.

THE TRUTH ABOUT FOODS

A Question and Answer Department, Conducted for the Benefit of the Consumer. Address Inquiries to Professor L. B. Allyn, Care of Collier's, 416 West Thirtieth Street, New York City



Lewis B. Allyn

Half of the Blame Lies with Consumer

It is extremely difficult to persuade these suburban grocers as to the advisability of handling unadulterated food products. I very frequently enter my kitchen and notice that the cook is standing in a puzzled state of mind over some article of diet, maybe butter, jams, sardines, olives, eggs, bacon, etc., and she will exclaim: "Madam, this jam doesn't seem to contain any real fruit." I read the label: "This product is composed of apple stock, etc., etc." but there is no mention of the raspberries or strawberries that we supposed the jar contained.

I have lived in America for ten years, but I still remember the delicious preserves and foodstuffs of France and England; and I really can't see any reason why we have to subsist upon adulterated food and cold-storage merchandise in the shape of poultry and meats.

I am yours in sympathy and earnest endeavor for the betterment of living, N. A. H., New York City.

You do right to read the label, and do still better if you return the goods as soon as possible to

your grocer, provided he understood you desired the genuine article. Just so long as housekeepers are careless in ordering their supplies, just so long as they accept whatever the dealer chances to send, so long will they have to be content with adulterated food products. Instead of saying, "Send us a jar of jam," say "Send us a jar of Blank's jam," which you know from the label to be the pure article. In that way you can do much to hasten food reform.

Dyed and Drugged

If not imposing too much, I would be glad of your opinion on the sample of jam which we are sending you by parcel post. My father imports this from Scotland, and we consider it very fine. Is it pure? We are in hearty sympathy with your good work you are trying to do.—G. T., Massachusetts.

While we do not make a practice of examining promiscuous samples or those sent for analysis, your case being somewhat unusual, we were glad to make a slight examination.

The sample you submitted was colored with coal-tar dye and contains salicylic acid. It is therefore impure and adulterated, and we believe it does not fairly represent Scotch jams.

The State Should Help You

What preservatives are used to preserve fresh meats? The meats we purchase from our local dealer I believe are treated or preserved with some substance. It appears to me he buys old stock, especially sheep, and stores them until they grow moldy, then uses some preservative and sells it for spring lamb. We think he uses saltpeter. We find our meats unfit to eat, and have made continuous local complaints without success. What can be done in a case of this kind? Can we get the State authorities after him?—W. B., Wisconsin.

With reference to your first question, sulphite of sodium, commonly known under various trade names as Preservalline, Freezine, or Bent-em-to-it, and the like, with boric acid and benzoate of sodium, are perhaps most frequently used. Saltpeter is used more largely in the case of corned or cured meats. Sulphite of soda is usually sprinkled on fresh meat to serve the double purpose of a preservative and a retainer of color. In a measure it prevents the blood from oxidizing, and this keeps the color fresh and bright.

We doubt very much whether the case you cite is a case of preserved foods. It appears very like an overworked cold storage. The Department of Agriculture Bureau of Chemistry has shown sulphites and benzoates to be unnecessary, and in certain instances even detrimental to health. Many States require the presence of a chemical antiseptic to be plainly stated on a food product.

It would seem to us that a frank letter, signed by yourself, stating the case exactly as it appears to you, and addressed to the secretary of your State Board of Health, should bring about the desired investigation.

The Mild Acid

I would like to ask your opinion about the "Pure Fruit Acid" which comes with packages of gelatin. It is labeled like this: "PURE FRUIT ACID," and then on the line below: (Acidum Citricum).

The statement is made that it saves the "poor, tired housewife" the labor of extracting the juice of lemons. I think the majority of housekeepers would prefer squeezing their own lemons rather than eat a dose of citric acid. How is this acid made, and is it objectionable?—G. N. C., Dover, N. H.

It is not objectionable when legitimately used, and this, to us, seems to be a perfectly legitimate act. The makers have nothing to conceal, and have no desire to deceive. Citric acid is prepared from lemon juice, and also by the fermentation of glucose by various ferments. After fermentation the mass is treated with lime, and the precipitate thus obtained is decomposed with sulphuric acid. Citric acid is widely distributed in nature, and is found in raspberries, currants, gooseberries, and in citrus fruits generally. This acid is a very common ingredient of the so-called lemonade powders or tablets. If one can readily procure lemons, we should be inclined to agree with you that they are

preferable to any artificial product, no matter how pure and harmless it may be. If necessity required it, we do not believe that one would be injured in any way by the use of the preparation you mention. Whether it is ethically right to use the acids instead of the fruits themselves is quite another question.

It Is a Constructive Plan

Such work as the Westfield Board of Health appears to be doing is a valuable help to those interested in the subject of pure foods. One thing, however, excites my curiosity. That is the motive in their extensive advertising, which is also expensive. One might naturally hesitate to accept as an authority such a report if it seemed to be prepared by other than disinterested and impartial investigators.—H. H. A., Providence, R. I.

For many years the board which you mention has been deeply interested in the subject of pure foods—perhaps more so than the majority of municipal boards. They have studied the food situation from all angles. As their work became known, all sorts of inquiries from a wide area concerning foods were received and were answered as consistently as possible. In 1912 they published, for the benefit of the Westfield housewives, a modest list of food products known to be of high quality and free from chemical taint. Hearing of this unprecedented action of a public Board of Health, COLLIER's saw in it the germ of a most helpful and far-reaching campaign. This publication, as is universally known, has been not only fearless in exposing fraud, but is equally quick to commend true merit. After a conference with the Westfield Board of Health and the Westfield Board of Trade, it was decided to launch a national pure-food campaign on a scope never before attempted. The Westfield Board of Health was to publish an enlarged edition of its first pure-food book, to be as comprehensive as possible, and from time to time to make additions thereto.

No one has ever paid a cent, or ever can pay a cent, for listing a product therein, merit being the only requisite. It makes no difference whether the manufacturer is a national advertiser or has only a limited distribution if his product is right and his heart is right; that is enough for the Westfield board. The board makes free analyses for all local dealers or for those having local representation, and for all others who are willing to meet the bare expenses of the necessary chemical examination. The expense of the extensive advertising is borne jointly by COLLIER's and some twenty-five or twenty-six manufacturers of food products who, as much for the sake of the cause as for the increased sales, are willing to share the expense of advertising their competitors' goods, which in many cases are likewise listed in The Westfield Book of Pure Foods.

The motive underlying this campaign is not one primarily of gain, but, as in every great cause, there must be some few to take the initial steps these manufacturers and this magazine have been willing to make what, for a time at least, must be a considerable personal sacrifice.

Blue Vitriol

Please tell me if peas contained in a can bearing the enclosed label are good to eat? They seem to taste a little different from others and it was this fact that made me examine the label. Also the bottom of the can had a green scum on it.—E. J. G., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The label indistinctly states that the contents are colored with sulphate of copper. This being the case we would not eat them.

The following food products, tested during the last two weeks by the Westfield Board of Health, measure up to their standards:

STICKNEY & POOR SPICE COMPANY, Boston, Mass.—Cayenne, black pepper, white pepper, sage, mace, nutmeg, mustard, paprika, celery salt, cinnamon, allspice, cloves, ginger.

J. K. ARMSBY COMPANY, Boston, Mass.—Thomas pineapple juice.

DRISCOL, CHURCH & HALL, New Bedford, Mass.—John Alden products: tomato catchup, oyster cocktail sauce, chili sauce.

C. W. POST COMPANY, Battle Creek, Mich.—Grape-Nuts, Postum, Instant Postum, Post Tavern Special.



Jumping Jehoshaphat!

EVERYBODY is talking about that FRAGRANCE of Stag tobacco.

But that's not the greatest thing about Stag.

The greatest thing is that the FLAVOR of Stag is as wonderful as its FRAGRANCE.

And don't forget that other great thing about Stag—as the poet says:

HALF as much,
At HALF the price,
TWICE as fresh,
So TWICE as nice.

Try it, brothers, try it.

"EVER-LASTING-LY GOOD"

STAG





"Travel Money"

Actual money is unsafe to carry, and you have the annoyance and expense of changing it whenever you pass from one country to another.

The safest, most convenient, most economical form of "travel money" is "A.B.A." Cheques. They are accepted like the currency of the country in all parts of the civilized world. They are *safe to carry*, because your signature—which identifies you—is required to make them good.

"A. B. A." Cheques

are issued in \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100; each cheque plainly engraved with its exact value in the money of the principal nations.

Get them at your Bank. Ask for booklet. If your bank is not yet supplied with "A. B. A." Cheques, write for information as to where they can be obtained in your vicinity.

BANKERS TRUST CO. New York City



PARIS GARTERS
No metal
can touch you

Next time you go to your haberdasher for a pair of garters, ask to see

PARIS GARTERS

Never mind what you're wearing; try one pair of these and see the difference in your comfort. They're tailored to fit the leg; hold your socks smooth, snug and secure.

The name PARIS is on the back of the shield; look for it. They're 25 and 50 cents.

A. Stein & Co., Makers
Chicago and New York

EUROPE

Attractive Tours by All Routes, escorted or independent as preferred. Widest choice. Inclusive fares. Best tour leaders. Small groups. Uniformed interpreters at stations and ports. Write for Program 32. Steamship Tickets by All Lines.

THOS. COOK & SON
245 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, or Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Montreal, Toronto, San Francisco, Los Angeles

Divorce to Order

A CONTINUATION
of the confessions of
a divorce lawyer, relating
his rise from humble police
court snitch to reputable
perjurer and blackmailer.

I NEVER did a crooked thing when it was not necessary. But when the need arose, I took the easiest, quickest, and surest way. And one day, in a burst of humor, I had lettered a little placard which I placed in my desk, a sort of motto which I had added to the others given me at the beginning of my career:

All is fair in Love, War—and Divorce.

I guess it was about this time that my conscience wholly died. I began to burn the candle at both ends. And it all came about quite naturally.

I answered the knock of my stenographer one morning to find her accompanied by a rather young man. He closed the door quickly behind him and, taking a seat by my desk, pulled forth a roll of bills.

"There's five hundred dollars," he said. "I want you to get a divorce for me and get it quick. I don't care how you do it—only go ahead and get the thing. My name's Ransome. I'm an actor. I can't be here in town more than a week—I can't be anywhere more than a week at a time, and I'm just up against it on this divorce thing. If you want to know the plain truth," he said at last, "I'm in love with another woman; she's the leading lady of the company I'm with, and we want to get married. But—"

"Is your wife with the company?" I asked.

"No."

"Do you know where she is, so that we might get service on her?"

"No, I haven't heard from her in six months."

I CONSIDERED a moment.

"That wouldn't do any good anyway," I said at last. "The statutes of Missouri say that the plaintiff must have been a resident of the State for a year before the filing of the petition unless—"

I stopped. A thought flashed through my mind. I reached for the telephone and called the number of a young attorney, who recently had told me of his hard struggle to make a living. I talked a moment with him and then turned to my client.

"Unless," I said, "the act upon which the divorce petition is brought happened within the confines of the State. In other words, that statute was framed to stop just such men as you from getting a divorce. But I have found a way out. Now, Mr. Ransome, if I can bring this case to trial within a week, will you be willing to swear that you met your wife in a hotel here, that she had mistreated you, that she had beaten you and assaulted you? Will you be willing to bear the marks of that assault—one will be plenty?" I said with a laugh.

He nodded his head.

"I'm willing to go the limit," was his answer.

There was a crashing blow. He reeled and fell backward. I had reached across the desk and struck him heavily beneath his right eye. Slowly he staggered to his feet and grasped a chair.

"You—you—" he began, "what do you—"

"Put down that chair," I ordered.

"You said you were willing to go the limit. Well, I have given you your material evidence for a divorce. Can't you understand?"

I CALMED him. Together we assuaged the bruise and then I led him to another room of my offices—for they had grown again—and placed him on a couch to rest. I dictated a petition and hurried my office boy to the courthouse with it. I prayed the court for a quick hearing. I held a con-

sultation with my new partner, for I had taken the young man of the telephone conversation into the firm. And within three days Mr. Ransome was a free man. Perhaps his wife doesn't know it yet. Perhaps some day she may learn of the trick that was played on her, but it will do very little good. A reputable attorney will testify that she hired him to make an answer to the petition, as required by law, that, when the case came up for trial, she decided it would be best not to contest, and withdrew the answer, constituting the matter a default case, in which ten minutes of testimony by Mr. Ransome sufficed for a divorce. You see, my new partner was her attorney, although she did not know it. He filed her answer for her. He decided for her when the case came to trial that it should be allowed to go by default and—well, we won the case. Inasmuch as my partner occupied an office in an entirely different part of the city, and as he was seen with me only casually, the fact that he and I were related in business was not known. Naturally, we split the fee—and began a business relationship that was to result in much money for both of us.

For there were many times when representation by an amiable lawyer was advantageous. Not that we worked by opposing each other. That soon would have been ruinous. The courts would have discovered our relationship, there would have been a demand on the part of the judges that we be disbarred from practice and thoroughly discredited; if the judges had not done it, the newspapers would. And we, realizing this, worked upon different lines. Only one of our silent firm, Grant & Kembrock, ever appeared in a case. And then, instead of appearing for the plaintiff, we often took the side of the defendant.

FOR illustration, there is a law in the State of Missouri that due and proper notice must be given of the filing of a divorce suit. This is to give the defendant an opportunity to contest, if he or she desires. Our work was to prevent this. The case of Joseph Trent will serve as an example. Mr. Trent's desire was the same as that of Ransome, the actor. Trent knew his wife would object. He had sent her away on a two months' trip, meaning to get the divorce in the meantime. He stated his case to me.

"I was given to understand, by a mutual friend, that you could handle the thing for me," he said.

"I can," was my answer; "that is, I can handle your wife's side of the case. As we do not appear on both sides of a divorce case"—I smiled at him broadly—"you will have to get another lawyer to

handle your prosecution of the actual divorce. In other words, Mr. Trent, go to another lawyer, anyone you choose, tell him that you and your wife have separated and that she has employed me as her attorney to get a divorce, but that she still is pondering. Assure him that you desire to precede your wife to the filing of the suit. He will follow your instructions and send the notice of the suit to me. I will file an answer in the name of your wife, and when the proper time comes I will dismiss it, constituting a default. Your wife will know nothing of it all, until after the decree has been granted. Then she will either not know enough about law to go before the court and stick to the assertion that she did not receive her just summons, or she will be too dignified and too conservative to desire the notoriety such an action would cause. Do you understand? I would advise you, however, to select a cheap attorney, because my charges for such work are high."

SOMETIMES Kembrock would handle the case, sometimes I would do it, depending upon which of us received the primary visit. It mattered little; we always divided the fees. However, I know this, that in the ten years Kembrock and I have been associated, we have handled something like two hundred cases of this kind, and not once have we been caught. We have worked both sides of the game—for husbands and for wives. Objections have been made, it is true. But never has the charge stood. The judges, true to their profession and holding that a lawyer can do no wrong, have always upheld us in our shocked dignity and our righteous wrath when such charges have been made. And we, freed of blame, have gone our ways, smiling guardedly to ourselves. We are not associated as far as the world is concerned. The city in which we live and practice does not know us as partners. I occupy a building far downtown, Kembrock's offices are ten blocks distant. We have separate stationery, separate telephones, separate stenographers, separate everything—except a separate code of morals. In that we are thoroughly united.

And so, you can see, with that amiable division of labor, our joint work soon caused our incomes to grow, for the simple handling of such cases as I have detailed was not the only means by which we could collaborate. Once in a while, when the repetition would not appear too queer to the court, we would arrange things so that we could handle both sides of the contested case, turning the result the way we deemed most advisable. And, too, there were other ways in which we made money. One of them in particular reminded me somewhat of the old days of the ten-dollar divorces, when saloon keepers' wives laughed at me across my poor old battered desk and told me of the next men they intended to marry. This had its piteous side in a way, had I paused to look at it. But being in a greivous business, I could not stop for that.

I REMEMBER his face clearly, distinctly—that of a pallid, elderly man who came into my office early one morning and stood hesitant before me until I motioned him to his chair. There was something of the cavalier about him—there showed, too, a something which demonstrated his conscience was not clear. Gradually, after many twistings and turnings, after many an apologetic preface, he got down to the real story. Earlier in life he had been married, and had lived in South Carolina. He had tried to do the best he could—but happiness was impossible with his wife. He, in his desperation, had sought just such a man as myself, a real divorce attorney whose scruples were even fewer and farther between than mine. That personage had told him he had obtained a divorce for him—when the truth of the matter was that he had never even filed a petition. The man had left the State, believing himself free. It was not until ten years later, when he had married again—this



-II-

Retold by Courtney Ryley Cooper

A week later Mrs. Thomas Blegget entered my office to talk divorce. She let slip the name of the man



time a younger, prettier woman whom he loved with every fiber of his mind and body—that he discovered that technically and truthfully he was a bigamist. And more than that it had been his wife who had gained for him the information. I began to read between the lines. But I let my client go ahead with his story.

"And you see," he said, "what that's going to do with me. Lenore loves me, Mr. Grant, I'm sure of that, huh. Just as sure of it as I'm sure that the sun rolls through the heavens. But, man, she's just naturally scared, huh. I've tried to convince her that there's never going to be any trouble about it. She won't listen to me. As far as I know, my other wife may be married again, and if that's the case she wouldn't want to do anything about it any more than I would. But I can't make Lenore believe me. Now, huh, I was thinking that if you talked to her, maybe she'd believe you. You're a lawyer, huh, and you're a man that knows. She'd listen to you. She won't to me. Won't you see what you can do?"

I made a note on my memory pad. "I'll look into the matter," was my answer. "I think I can arrange the matter. Will you be at home to-night?"

THE old man leaned forward. "Can you sure be there to-night?" he questioned. "I've got to go away tomorrow for a couple of days, and I'd like to have things settled up as quick as I can. I—"

"I'll be there to-night," was my answer. And I was there. As soon as I saw the wife, young, pretty, but with a malicious, cruel something in her eyes and the lines of her mouth, I knew that my readings between the lines had been correct. I made my talk. Then I left.

The next night I met Kembrook—by appointment. I took a roll of bills from his pocket and, counting them, divided them with me.

"Just what you said," was his greeting. "She wanted to get rid of him, and when she heard this stuff about his divorce she clung to it like a drowning man to a straw. I had a long talk with her. She'll give up two hundred more if we can scare Old Whiskers into leaving town, so she can go ahead with a divorce. I told her I'd handle it."

Three days later a staring-eyed man faced me in my office. I half left my chair at the sight of him.

"Well?" I asked. "How does the wife look on things now?"

He placed his hands to his head.

"Good God!" was his only answer as he sank into a chair.

I rose and went to him. I laid a hand on his shoulder.

"What's the matter, Mr. Manning?" My tone was smooth and sympathetic. He leaned forward. His body rocked.

"My other wife," came at last. "She's found out. She's hired an attorney here to look up the thing and put it in the hands of the prosecuting attorney. I'm a bigamist, huh—it means I'll have to be taken back to Carolina—I'll—"

HE half sobbed. Then he looked up at me with a trusting look on his face that almost made me turn away. "What'll I do, huh?" he asked.

"There's only one thing to do," I answered. "And that is to get out of town until I can find this woman and see what I can do with her. I think I can handle her all right, Mr. Manning. I'll go to South Carolina and see her. I think the statutory limitation has run out anyway—there'll be no prison sentence for you or anything of that kind. But you've got to get away and stay away. And look here—I became suddenly emphatic—"wherever

you go, be a single man. Leave this wife of yours behind until we can get things straightened out. Do you understand?"

He bowed his head slowly and, taking his wallet from his pocket, gave me some expense money. Then he left the office. For a few moments I stared out the window—something inside me hurt to see this old man terrorized into leaving the only thing in the world he loved—bluffed into breaking his happiness forever. But my remorse did not last long. If I was given much to that I wouldn't be a divorce attorney. Soon I was laughing again. That night I spent in playing cards at the Trenton Club—for I was a member of several of the best in the city now. The next morning brought a telephone call as soon as I reached the office. The voice was Kembrook's:

"Read the paper yet?" he questioned.

"No, what's up?"

"Look in the first column on the outside page."

I followed his instructions. My old friend of the afternoon before had found an easier way out of his troubles—a bit more painful for the moment, perhaps, but more lasting in its escape. It was carbolic acid.

Perhaps that should have stopped us. Yet, as Kembrook said, it was not our fault that Manning killed himself. Had he been possessed of sense enough in the old days to have assured himself that he was divorced, he would not have had this trouble. Besides, there was bigger game before us. A new field was opening up. We saw the way to more money and to bigger profits.

THE beginnings had come in the case of Mrs. Robert Truesdale. I say the beginnings, for there were many features to the Truesdale case that were interest-

Naturally he will look down and speak. Catch them then. Do you understand — so that it will appear they are walking along the street together? That is all

ing to us. Mrs. Truesdale, society woman, immensely wealthy in her own right, had come to me with her story. She was frank about it all; Truesdale as a husband and as a man was perfect. She simply loved some one else better, that was all.

"If it comes to a case of merit," she confessed as she sat beside my desk, "I cannot get a divorce from Robert. There is not one thing I can say about him that he cannot refute. He will fight the case, I feel sure of that, Mr. Grant. And if he fights, he will win it. What am I to do?"

"Does he abuse you?" I asked.

"To be truthful, no."

"Does he drink?"

"No."

"Give you plenty of money?"

"I never need it, but he gives it to me anyway."

"He is faithful to you?"

"In every particular. There isn't a thing I can say against him that would not be perjury—and I will not commit that."

I had been thinking hard.

"Mrs. Truesdale," I said at last, "does your husband ever stay away from home for any purpose at all?"

"His business often takes him out of town."

"Are you sure it is business?" I queried.

"I have always believed so."

"Very well. I am going to prove otherwise. But it is going to take investigation, and I will need more money than the ordinary fee that I can bring before the court. That will be two hundred dollars. From you personally I want three thousand. Is your divorce worth that?"

"My divorce is worth anything I am forced to pay," was her reply. "Honestly and in all fairness, Mr. Grant, I cannot live with my husband. I love another man. Bob has become repulsive to me—loving the other man as I do. I—"

"I will ask you to swear to only one thing on the stand," I broke in. "That will be to the effect that your husband stays away from home two or three days at a time, and that he tells you it is on business. I will attend to the other testimony."

MRS. TRUESDALE looked at me a little queerly.

"Will that testimony be the truth?" she questioned.

"It will be sworn to," was my answer as I ushered her to the door. An hour later a man of fewer morals than myself was in my office. He was a private detective from an agency which specialized in divorces. I always had fought my cases without the aid of these men, for their reputation did not stand well in court. There are few honest private divorce detectives. Go into the ordinary court and you will find that the evidence of an

ordinary divorce detective is hardly worth the time it consumes. Investigate and you will find that you can get many a divorce detective to testify to almost anything you desire. Many an instance have I seen where attorneys have telephoned to divorce detectives the information they desired to obtain, where they have told these detectives they believed the man they desired shadowed frequented saloons and other places of an unsavory reputation, where the detectives have not stirred from their office, and yet made daily reports that they have seen the man in question entering every place named by the attorney. And more than that, they have gone on the stand and sworn to these things. I have sometimes wished that I had chosen the detective business instead of that of an attorney.

BUT the scheme which had come into my mind was to have more substantial evidence than the mere word of a detective. I looked hard at my visitor.

"I asked for an expert with the camera," I said. "Are you the man?"



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The smallest watch
made in America.

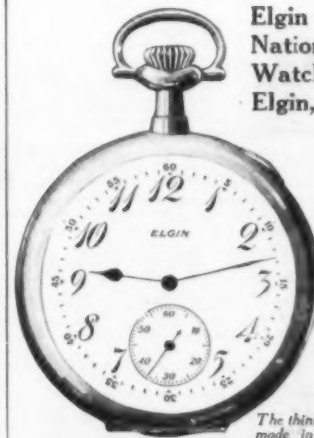
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"Our farm homestead has a shingled roof stained with your stain . . . moss green, while the body of the house . . . is gray. This coloring has created no end of favorable comment and many have been pleased to find it Cabot's Stain."—H. B. Fullerton, Director.

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"In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease."

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"I had six years' experience as a newspaper photographer before I went into the sleuthing game," was his response.

"Good. Do you know Robert Truesdale when you see him?"

"Yes."

I handed him a card.

"Here is the address of Molly Crandall," I said. "Go out and see her. She's a good friend of mine, and you'll find her a pretty little girl with lots of brains. She knows enough to keep her head shut and not to talk until the time for talking comes. This card will be all the introduction necessary. What I want you to do is this: At intervals of a week apart, say, so that Truesdale will have time to forget her face. I want Molly to meet him on the street at various places, and I want you to take pictures of them without anyone seeing you. Can you handle a camera so that it will not be noticed?"

The detective grinned.

"I've done it enough," he assured me. I smiled back at him.

"Good. I want three positions. The first one can be handled very well by Molly approaching Truesdale, stopping him and laying a hand lightly on his arm, smiling up at him and asking him the direction to some street. The second will be that of Molly stepping forward just as Truesdale is leaving his building. The third can be handled by Molly coming up from behind and again asking a direction; Truesdale will have forgotten her by that time. Naturally he will look down and speak. Catch them then. Do you understand—so that it will appear they are walking along the street together? That is all. Report to me as soon as you have your pictures."

THREE weeks later I filed a petition in divorce for Mrs. Robert Truesdale. The charge was the most serious in the statutes. A Molly Crandall was named as corespondent. And a month after that I stood in the divorce court.

"And it please your Honor," I said, "following the testimony of Mrs. Truesdale that her husband was in the habit of leaving home for two or three days at a time under the pretext of business, following Mr. Craig, the detective, and his three exhibits which you have seen, I desire to put on the stand the woman in the case. Will the clerk kindly call Miss Molly Crandall?"

A moment later I raised an accusing finger.

"Now, Miss Crandall," I said loudly, "kindly tell this court why you have come into court to testify to your relations with Robert Truesdale."

She twisted her fingers and smiled the least bit.

"Well," she answered, true to her teachings, "I hardly see what else there was to do. The detective had the pictures of us and I knew he had a lot of other information—and so—well there wasn't much of anything for me to do but to make up my mind to tell the truth about it."

"Then you confess that Mr. Truesdale was in love with you?"

"Yes."

"You and he were together often?"

"Yes."

"Is it not a fact that Robert Truesdale was planning to get rid of his wife and marry you?"

"Yes."

"That is all. The plaintiff rests."

It was not simply a case where a divorce detective and a woman of the underworld testified against a man. There were the pictures to show that this testimony was the truth. The defense attempted to deny, and to show the court my case in its true light, as a conspiracy. It failed utterly. Mrs. Robert Truesdale was freed—and about the most surprised person in the whole case was that wife herself. She had believed her husband blameless. The testimony which came flooding before her amazed her, almost overwhelmed her. I did not



Sometimes the possible denouement—the Central Station—frightens me, but usually I laugh at the thought

believe it wise to enlighten her as to the true import of it all.

But it was not this feature of the case that was important to me. Of course it gave me a greater opening into the society faction of the city than I ever before possessed, for Mrs. Truesdale represented the best the town afforded, and of course that helped my business. It was what came to me that night as I sat thinking of the case that really counted. It was an idea which brought me out of my chair, which sent me pacing the floor and patting my hands behind me in my anxiety to try it all. I believed I had found a gold mine in the divorce game as far as I had practiced it. I had only scratched the surface. The realization had come that until now the "other man" had been entirely neglected—and he of all persons was the one who should pay the piper. I did not wait until morning. I sought out Kembrook that night and held a long conference with him. A week later Mrs. Thomas Blegget entered my office to talk divorce. She let slip the name of the

man for whom she was going to take the witness stand against her husband. The chance had come. I raised myself in my chair.

"Your husband is willing to let the case go by default?" I asked.

"Certainly," Mrs. Blegget replied. "He will offer no objection. I am not asking him for any alimony nor for any settlement. All I desire is to be free."

"Of course. And does he know anything about—about this other man?"

"Mr. Trellen?" Mrs. Blegget's breath came in a half gasp. "Certainly not!"

"I am glad of that." And I truly was. For the next afternoon, James Trellen sat white faced in the office of David Kembrook. My partner was talking.

"Mr. Trellen," he had said, "you know and I know that Mrs. Thomas Blegget is suing for divorce. You know also the reason she is suing. You and she are to be married soon after—don't deny it."

Trellen attempted to make some reply. The words failed him. He knew that Kembrook was not attorney for Mrs. Thomas Blegget. He trembled a bit. At last he asked:

"What interest is it of yours?"

"Simply this: I am attorney for Mr. Blegget. As you perhaps do not know, his business ventures have not been of the best lately. That has nothing to do with matters, however," Kembrook continued with a wave of his hand. "All I have to say is this: Mr. Blegget knows full well your connection with his wife. Right now he is debating whether to let the case go by default and give her to you, or whether to make a fight. You have some reputation, Mr. Trellen. In case my client should make a fight, it would necessitate naming you in the cross bill as the corespondent. That, of course, would drag your name, and that of Mrs. Blegget, pretty far in the mire. Mr. Blegget will listen to reason. If you are willing to pay for silence, he will keep quiet and let the case go on the way it has been planned—by default. If you are not willing to pay, of course the fight will be made and you will suffer the consequences. Now, how much can you give in the good cause of silence?"

IN Mr. James Trellen's case the amount was twelve thousand five hundred dollars. At other times it has run above that mark—even as high as twenty-five thousand. Sometimes it has run as low as one thousand, but not often, for I do not dabble in small figures when blackmail is concerned.

For blackmail is a game with a risk, and risks are worth money. Hedged by precautions, though my partner and myself may be, there is always a chance for a return to that place where I began—the Central Station—this time inside the bars instead of out; and if I should go I would want enough cash tucked away to pay some genial gentleman like myself for the toil and trouble of getting me out. Sometimes it frightens me—this possible denouement. But usually I laugh at the thought. Have I not climbed in fifteen years from a degraded position to one of affluence and power and respect—on a ladder of broken laws?

At Your Service

By BERTON BRALEY

HERE we are, gentlemen; here's the whole gang of us.

Pretty near through with the job we are on;

Size up our work—it will give you the hang of us—

South to Balboa and north to Colon.

Yes, the canal is our letter of reference;

Look at Culebra and glance at Gatun;

What can we do for you—got any preference,

Wireless to Saturn or bridge to the moon?

Don't send us back to a life that is flat again.

We who have shattered a continent's spine;

Office work—Lord, but we couldn't do that again!

Haven't you something that's more in our line?

Got any river they say isn't crossable?

Got any mountains that can't be cut through?

We specialize in the wholly impossible, Doing things "nobody ever could do!"

Take a good look at the whole husky crew of us,

Engineers, doctors, and steam-shovel men;

Taken together you'll find quite a few of us Soon to be ready for trouble again.

Bronzed by the tropical sun that is blistering,

Chockful of energy, vigor, and tang,

Trained by a task that's the biggest in history.

Who has a job for this Panama gang?

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Aachen
Augsburg
Bielefeld
Bonn-Beuel
Bremen
Breslau
Chemnitz
Cologne
Danzig
Dortmund
Dresden
Duisburg
Düsseldorf
Elberfeld
Erfurt
Essen-Ruhr
Frankfurt a/M
Gladbach
Hagen
Hamburg

Russia
Odessa
Riga
Rostoff-on-Don
Samara
Saratoff
Tammerfors
Tashkent
Tiflis
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Tver
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Voronesh
Warsaw
Wilna
Yaroslavl

Italy
Milan
Modena
Naples
Padua
Palermo
Rome
Venice
Verona

| Austria-Hungary | |
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| Vienna | Pilsen |
| Agram | Prague |
| Brünn | Raab |
| Budapest | Reichenberg |
| Cracow | Salzburg |
| Graz | Serajevo |
| Gyor | Teplitz |
| Klagenfurt | Trieste |
| Lemberg | Tschernowitz |

Switzerland

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| Zürich | Herisau |
| Basle | Lausanne |
| Berne | Lucerne |
| Le Locle | Lugano |
| Fribourg | St. Gall |
| Geneva | Solothurn |

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Belgium
Brussels
Antwerp
Ghent
Liege

Other European Cities

| | |
|------------|--------------------|
| Gibraltar | Malmö |
| Luxembourg | Christiania |
| Copenhagen | Constantinople |
| Aalborg | Sofia |
| Aarhus | Athens |
| Stockholm | |
| Göteborg | Reykjavik, Iceland |

| Mexico | |
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| Mexico City | S. L. Potosi |
| Monterey | Vera Cruz |
| Durango | Champecho |
| Guadalajara | Merida |
| Hermosillo | Puebla |
| Chihuahua | Saltillo |
| Tampico | Mazatlan |

Africa

| | |
|-------------|-----------------|
| Alexandria | Johannesburg |
| Cairo | Kimberley |
| Tunis | Fort Elizabeth |
| Loanda | Pretoria |
| Mossamedes | Bulawayo |
| São Thomé | Mombasa |
| Addis Abeba | Nairobi |
| Monrovia | Lorenzo Marques |
| Djibouti | |
| Cape Town | Las Palmas |
| Durban | Santa Cruz |
| East London | Tananarivo |

| Asia | |
|-------------------|-----------|
| Smyrna | Singapore |
| Mityleno | Penang |
| Bombay | Saigon |
| Calcutta | Haiphong |
| Allahabad | Hanoi |
| Bombay | Phnon-Pen |
| Chittagong | Tourane |
| Dacca | Hong Kong |
| Quetta | Shanghai |
| Hyderabad(Deccan) | Hankow |
| Karachi | Tien Tsin |
| Lahore | Pekin |
| Madras | Canton |
| Nagpure | Kiao Chau |
| Batavia | Mukden |
| Ranchi | Dalny |
| Simla | Seoul |
| Srinagar | Tokio |
| Colombo | Yokohama |
| Rangoon | Kobe |
| Manila | Nagasaki |
| Bangkok | Osaka |

Asia
Singapore
Penang
Saigon
Haiphong
Hanoi
Phnom-Pen
Tourane
Hong Kong
Shanghai
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Tien Tsin
Pekin
Canton
Kiao Chau
Mukden
Dalny
Seoul
Tokio
Yokohama
Kobe
Narasaki
Osaka

New York and Everywhere

West Indies

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| Havana | Pinar del Rio |
| Caibarien | Sagua la Grande |
| Camaguey | St. Thomas |
| Camaguey | San Juan |
| Cardenas | Santi Spiritus |
| Ciego de Avila | Santa Clara |
| Cienfuegos | Santiago |
| Cifuentes | Santo Domingo |
| Curaçao | Trinidad |
| Gibara | Union de Reyes |
| Guantánamo | Nueva Gerona, |
| Las Martinis | Isla de Pinar |
| Manzanillo | Barbados |
| Matanzas | Hamilton, Bermuda |
| Nuevitas | Kingston, Jamaica |

Central America

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| Belize | San Salvador |
| Guatemala City | Puerto Cortes |
| Puerto Barrios | San Pedro Sula |
| Panama | Tegucigalpa |
| San José | Leon |

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| Quetta | Mukden |
| Ranchi | Dalny |
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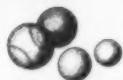
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will turn the trick and do it every eight minutes, at a fair, a race track, a circus or anywhere a crowd collects. Many men and women earning independence year after year—no expense for repairs. Nine years of big money-making experience prove this opportunity.

Write today to Dept. C-1 for Candy Floss Machine Catalog. Catalogs of popcorn and peanut roasters and ice cream cone machines on request.
Stevens Mfg. & Supply Co., Fisher Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



My Business Partner—"Gym."

(Concluded from page 19)

of two months of the "Gym." partnership, I revised my accounts by striking out the "misery, suffering, and degradation" item, reducing the "decreased efficiency" notably, and adding a new entry on the profit side. The tabulation now read as follows:

| | |
|---|------------|
| Clerk's salary..... | \$1,000.00 |
| Estimated loss by absence..... | 3,000.00 |
| Decreased efficiency.... | .01 |
| Gymnasium expense.... | 60.00 |
| Total..... | \$4,060.01 |
| Over against which I set: | |
| Saving in drinks..... | \$ 234.00 |
| Increased satisfaction in life at \$50 per week.. | 2,600.00 |
| Total..... | 2,834.00 |
| Leaving a grand balance of..... | \$1,226.01 |

A week later I struck off the odd cent. It happened like this: I had fought my way downtown, on foot, through a howling blizzard, and had arrived all aglow with the battle, when I ran into one of the hardest insurance "subjects" in the city, a man whom I had been after for years.

"Say, Smith, what on earth have you been doing with yourself?" he said. "You look like a young man again."

"Anybody can do it," I said, airily. "Just a little system I've developed."

"You look like an ad. in color for your own business," he declared. "I'd like to feel as you look."

"If I show you how will you take a \$50,000 policy?" I

asked, and I followed it up with a line of talk so convincing that I got him going. I could feel the magnetism flowing out of me while I talked. And I knew where it came from. It was physical fitness and nervous force from my business partner, Gym. Since then I've written the policy, and my close-fisted friend is living in the hope that some day he'll win a game of handball from me on his handicap of "points."

MY net physical reckoning at the end of winter was something like this: Twenty pounds lighter, digestion perfect, nerves steady, sleep like a baby, appetite sound and reliable, cocktail market depressed to the point of ruin, and the water wagon rolling along a smooth road with a semi-occasional stop for ale. From the business point of view it is more complicated. But I have long since found that I clear my desk of routine in one hour, instead of from two to three; that problems which used to set my teeth on edge no longer worry, though they may puzzle me, and that I don't have to take my business to bed with me any more. Concretely I have this evidence on which to base the efficiency claim in my final tabulation.

For years I had been trying to frame up a correspondence campaign for use in all our offices, designed to reduce the death rate among our policy holders by an educational propaganda, and had dismally failed. With my new vitality to help, I set aside an hour a day for the work. In three months it was finished, and accepted, and I

had been put on a new basis of remuneration which should be worth from four to six thousand dollars a year extra.

Now that summer has come on, I occasionally supplement my gymnasium work with a little tennis, for out-of-door air. I am, perhaps, the very worst player that the local courts have ever seen, but I get amusement out of it and the essential exercise to carry out the adopted motto of my partnership with Gym:

Count that day lost whose low-descending sun
Wrings from thy pores no per-spi-ration!

And this is the final reckoning:

| | |
|---------------------------------|----------|
| Loss | |
| Clerk's salary..... | \$ 1,000 |
| Loss of time by absence..... | 3,000 |
| Gymnasium expense..... | 60 |
| Dr. Wright's bill..... | 25 |
| Bonus on Dr. Wright's bill..... | 225 |
| Total..... | \$ 4,310 |

| | |
|---|----------|
| PROFIT | |
| Saving in drinks..... | \$ 234 |
| Saving in time by increased working capacity..... | 4,000 |
| Increased efficiency (estimated) .. | 5,000 |
| General physical, mental, and moral satisfaction in life..... | 5,000 |
| Total..... | \$14,234 |
| Less..... | 4,310 |
| Grand balance..... | \$ 9,924 |

THEREFORE I consider that my business partnership with "Gym." has been a profitable one.

Brickbats & Bouquets

THE price of COLLIER'S WEEKLY is going to be cut in half. Wonder if tariff tinkering had anything to do with the reduction?—Wichita (Kas.) Eagle.

Now that COLLIER'S has dropped to a nickel and Viola Roseboro' has charge of the yarn department, good stories may be expected for half the money, as Viola is a whale at picking out stories.—B. L. T. in the Chicago (Ill.) Tribune.

That high-class Weekly, COLLIER'S, is to be sold at five instead of ten cents hereafter. A tremendous increase in circulation will follow. COLLIER'S is a power in the land. Its weekly comment on Congressional doings is especially interesting.—Newberg (Ore.) Enterprise.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY has come down to five cents per copy but promises to save the country by its own unaided efforts just as frequently and thoroughly as it did at ten cents.—Columbus (Ohio) Journal.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, that tireless and resultful fighter for the people, has reduced its price from ten to five cents the copy. It is now within reach of every family and every family should read it. It is a boon to all who oppose inhuman robbery, by those whom the statutes say are "human."—Durango (Colo.) Democrat.

The price of COLLIER'S—formerly a dime—has been cut in two, so now you're only out a nickel when you can't find anything else to read.—Springfield (Mo.) Republican.

But who gives a hang what COLLIER'S politics may happen to be? It is worth a nickel for its pictures.—Sioux Falls (S. Dak.) Press.

COLLIER'S has and is doing a great work. The reduced price of the publication which will find it in so many more homes should be hailed with profound satisfaction by the multiplied thousands who see in COLLIER'S great possibilities for good.—Clovis (N. Mex.) Journal.

Now even Mark Sullivan of COLLIER'S is coming around to the idea; in campaigning language, he's under conviction.

"Without doubt," he writes, "after the present rough surgery is completed and the country is on a basis it approves, future revision to keep in touch with changing conditions will be done one schedule at a time."

—Hartford (Conn.) Courant.

COLLIER'S, which has always been worth what it costs, has been reduced to five cents per copy. The reduction in price means more power to COLLIER'S, if not more revenue.—Walker (Minn.) Pilot.

In other words COLLIER'S holds that members of Congress are not elected to represent their States, but to vote the party program in humility of spirit, at the dictation of the President and his personal advisers.—Akron (Ohio) Times.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is now on sale for five cents per copy. COLLIER'S is a great publication. It stands for decency in public life and private life. It has a large influence on affairs and has been a big factor in shaping public opinion. Every lover of progressive things in every line of human endeavor will be glad that the price has been reduced so that the publication can have a wider circulation.—Lawrence (Kas.) World.

Mark Sullivan, of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, can state great questions in plain English.—Newark (N. J.) News.

In making its price five cents instead of ten, COLLIER'S should be able to take a step in the direction of its ambition to become a really National Weekly. There are many thousands of people in this country who do not feel that they can spare ten cents a week even for a good periodical.—Gloucester (Mass.) Times.

With this week's issue, COLLIER'S WEEKLY becomes a five-cent publication. We want to congratulate the management of COLLIER'S on the change. We have been a constant reader of COLLIER'S for years and have always felt that the Weekly was well worth a quarter and that we just saved fifteen cents when we bought it for a dime. But the decrease

in price to five cents will undoubtedly extend the circulation of the paper and therefore its influence. COLLIER'S WEEKLY deserves the patronage of every man in America.—Muskogee (Okla.) Times-Democrat.

If COLLIER'S were printed in England it might similarly contrast the wealth of mill owners and the poverty of mill workers of Bradford. Then it might say that the tendency of the free trade fiscal system of Great Britain was to separate the community into two widely separate classes.—New York (N. Y.) Globe.

Desperately attempting to undo some of the good work which COLLIER'S WEEKLY is doing, the liquor interests, through the so-called "National Model License League," are sending out a feeble reply to those "The Man Who Makes Money Out Of It" editorials.—Augusta (Me.) Journal.

The price of COLLIER'S has been reduced to a nickel. The citizen who buys COLLIER'S for five cents gets a great deal for his money. It stands in a class by itself for fearless and intelligent discussion and apt illustration.—Taunton (Mass.) Gazette.

Lowering the price to five cents a copy is the best news I have heard lately.—H. J. ZENS.

The reduction in the selling price of COLLIER'S WEEKLY from a dime to a nickel should give this splendid publication the largest circulation of any five-cent paper in the world; certainly it will be as great a money's worth as could be desired.—Concord (N. H.) Monitor.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY has been reduced in price from ten to five cents. This is one of the publications in the country that is easily worth the price asked.—Council Bluffs (Iowa) Nonpareil.

COLLIER'S has been sharply criticized occasionally in these columns, but it has never been the view here that it was anything but a great publication with superb illustrations and fine literary matter.—Parkersburg (W. Va.) Journal.

Attired in the uniform which he had worn when a borough official many years before, he climbed the stairs of the City Hall to the Council Chamber, took the solemn oath of office, seated himself in the rear of the room, and gravely listened to Council's deliberations.

He learned in the course of a heated discussion that the City Hall's one claim to distinction was its antiquity; that its log walls were liable to collapse at any moment; that a new building ought to be erected and would be if it were not for the cry of graft which a suspicious and ungrateful public would immediately raise.

One thing the Council found beyond human endurance. In spite of all precautions, insects from the persons of vagrant lodgers in the borough jail on the lower floor migrated to other portions of the building and even trespassed on the councilmanic desks. To remedy this nuisance the purchase of cells with walls and floors of steel was authorized. Kazer nodded approval of this and similar measures. Council, thought he, was not half so bad as it was commonly reputed to be.

During his first month in office he was not called upon to perform any service, and he received no compensation. He delicately broached the matter to the Chief Burgess and was promised consideration. The Board of Health thereafter called upon him to dispose of various unclaimed dead animals that were a menace to the public health. Pleased at the prospect of any employment, he promptly complied. For this service he received small fees, but they did not amount to enough to make him comfortable at the American House.

"Why don't I get my pay regular, same as anyone else?" he finally demanded of the Chief Burgess.

"You understand you receive no salary under the borough ordinance," Mr. Prettyleaf explained. "Your compensation consists of fees for certain duties."

KAZER lifted his cane with a warning gesture. "Don't try to tell me nothing about the borough ordinances, young man. I was an official of this here borough when you was in knee breeches."

"Look it up for yourself if you don't believe it."

"Ain't there a regular appropriation of \$200 for the High Constable? Tell me that." He emphasized his point by thumping the floor a resounding whack with his cane.

"There is," said Mr. Prettyleaf, with that forbearance which is necessary in dealing with irascible old men. "Two hundred dollars, or as much thereof as may be necessary," the ordinance says. You get paid for what you do, no more, no less. Do enough and you'll get every cent of the appropriation."

"Then why don't I get something to do? Why don't I issue notices and summonses and make arrests, same as I used to?"

"Our Chief of Police attends to all that." "Bixler?" sniffed the Captain contemptuously. "A nice one he is to be a borough official."

"He is a capable and efficient officer," said Prettyleaf warmly, "and less noted for insobriety than one or two others I could mention."

KAZER looked at him keenly. "Do you mean to tell me that all I got to do is to bury dogs and cats and rats and chickens?"

"Bury enough and you will get your full appropriation."

"I'd take all the cats in town at the figger you pay," said the Captain scornfully.

"Get them all then," said the Chief Burgess cordially. "It would be a good riddance."

Pocketing his pride, the Captain, by diligence and industry, made a sufficient number of interments to net him a few dollars. Council passed his bill merrily.

The Joke on the High Constable

(Continued from page 8)



"Ain't the Captain and Sergeant in on this?" "Sure ting," said the brewer cordially. "Gif 'em all a drink"

He sat in moody silence in his chair at the rear of the chamber.

The voucher in payment of his next bill—five cents for the burial of a single chicken—he framed and presented to Council, thinking thereby to overwhelm the members with shame at their penuriosity. They accepted it with pleasure and hung it on the wall, since it bore the distinction of being the smallest amount ever drawn on the borough treasury.

KAZER then appealed to the public direct. He trudged across Memorial Park with a rope over his shoulder, dragging a mongrel dog to its last resting place. Surely, he thought, the people would not allow one of their highest officials to be subjected to such indignity. But passers-by were merely amused, and a reporter made the event the subject of a humorous item in his paper.

Failing to arouse public sentiment, the Captain changed his method of attack on the borough treasury. He called on Squire Welkel Keller, a venerable notary public, who gained a thrifty livelihood as a pension agent.

"Make me out a bill fer about \$10 agin the borough," ordered the Captain.

The squire, after laborious calculation, based on the various fees paid the Captain, assorted the animals in plausible proportion, and surveyed his handiwork with professional pride.

"There," said he. "I guess this ought to go."

Kazer lifted his right hand. "Swear me," he commanded hoarsely.

"Can't you git yer money without swearing to it?" asked the squire in perplexity.

"Not with that smart young lawyer running the borough."

"Well, if you want to, it ain't none of my business." Having thus cleared his conscience of any sense of wrongdoing, he administered the oath and affixed his notary's seal. Similar transactions had not been infrequent in his professional career.

KAZER placed the precious document in his pocket and departed.

"How about my fee?" the squire cried after him.

"You'll git yours when I git mine," returned the Captain shortly.

The bill was received by Council with running comment.

"Twenty cats, Cap'n! I wish you'd 'a gotten some from our neighborhood."

"Where did all them thirty chickens come from, Cap'n? Awty mabeels ain't running in the winter time."

"Freezing weather must be awful hard on rats, Cap'n, when fifty of 'em die in one month."

Kazer sat in stolid silence, indifferent to each sally and the guffaw which followed it. When Council passed his bill with a unanimous "aye," he felt neither gratification in the success of his scheme nor shame at the deception. The money was his due, he argued, and any means of securing it was justifiable.

Each month thereafter he presented his bill, duly sworn to and subscribed be-

alone responsible for the safe keeping of the prisoners."

"Ain't I as responsible a party as Bixler—"

"Sit down, Cap'n," shouted a chorus of voices. He essayed several times to speak. Unable to make himself heard, he glared right and left with unspeakable disdain, and hobbled indignantly from the City Hall.

He frequently thereafter sought redress for his grievances. His speeches obstructed borough business. Council grew irritated whenever he arose and vigorously repressed him before he was ever well launched upon his theme.

It gradually dawned upon him that his office was a political relic. He understood why Gottshall, the drunken fish dealer, was tolerated, why the Chief Burgess, in asking him to become a candidate, was so willing to overlook his frailties, and why a whimsical public had given him such a stupendous vote. He determined to resign at the first opportunity.

JULY came, and with it a vivid recollection on the part of the Captain of a July nearly half a century previous, when a Confederate bullet had closed his career as a soldier. An indomitable fighting spirit revived in him. He determined to force the issue of his rights.

On the eve of the Fourth, Council sweltered in the intense heat of the City Hall's upper chamber. Through the open windows it occasionally saw a rocket winging its way through the darkness. The deliberations were punctuated by violent explosions of cannon crackers and the lesser noises of pistols. With coats removed and sleeves rolled up, it pushed through the business in hand, grimly determined and heedless of interruption.

The borough clerk, with fine discrimination, had reserved for final consideration the High Constable's itemized list of his activities during the month. The Captain immediately was the target of a score of jibes.

He waited until they had finished, then rose gravely, and with extraordinary solemnity walked to the front of the chamber.

"Kin I say a word, General Lee?" he asked with elaborate sarcasm.

This epithet, as it was intended by the Captain, was entirely lost upon the Chief Burgess, who entertained a different point of view. He was flattered at being thus associated with so gallant a soldier. He beamed pleasantly on the Captain.

"As many as you like," he said courteously.

"Tell me," demanded Kazer with savage intensity, "what is the High Constable of this here borough?"

HE paused, and in the silence which followed looked about with glittering eyes.

"He's the highest officer there is, that's what. He's no public undertaker either. He ain't going to bury no more cats or rats or dogs or chickens."

"Is that all?" asked the Chief Burgess,

fore Squire Keller. It became a bright event of each Council meeting. Even the public began to take interest in the increased death rate of its animal population.

The Captain's spirit then moved him to address Council.

"Tell me," he thundered, after stalking to the front of the chamber, "who is the highest officer in this here borough?"

"Tell us, Cap'n," they said encouragingly.

"The High Constable, that's who. Why hain't I allowed to arrest prisoners? Why hain't I got a key to the lockup?"

"There is only one key," explained Chief Burgess Prettyleaf. "Chief of Police Bixler has it."

"Ain't I entitled to a key as much as Bixler?"

"By having only one," Prettyleaf patiently explained, "Officer Bixler is made



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who was anxious to conclude the meeting.

"Not quite, yer Honor. I want a key to the lockup downstairs, so as I kin put in prisoners when I arrest them. Do I git it or don't I?"

"We threshed that all out once before," said the Chief Burgess wearily.

"Do I git it or don't I? That's what I want to know."

"We'll have to consider the matter more carefully."

"Ain't I as good as yer Chief of Police? I bet yer he's tanking up now somewhere."

KAZER spoke more truly than he knew, as several of the Councilmen were guiltily aware. Prior to the meeting they had encountered that worthy imbibing heavily with other celebrators of the glorious Fourth in the cellar of the Rescue Hose House.

"We'll take up your request at another time."

"No, you won't. If I don't git a key, and git it right now, you kin git another High Constable. It's a nice howdodo when the highest officer of this here borough—"

"Enough, Cap'n," interrupted Mr. Prettyleaf sharply. "You're taking up valuable time."

Kazer looked about for encouragement, but Council was merely bored. He stopped abruptly; his aggressiveness left him; his shoulders relaxed, and with bent head he stalked somberly from the room. In silence the members listened to the thump of his cane as he hobbled down the stairs.

"Coming to think of it," said Mr. Prettyleaf apologetically, "it won't do any harm to let the old man have a key if he wants it so bad as all that. Squire Keller is kicking for his notary's fees. We ought not let the old fellow perjure himself that way. Suppose we pay him a small salary?"

Council was quite indifferent, and readily assented. The Chief Burgess suggested that, in view of the heat, Council join him in a sociable glass at the American House, to which assent was given even more readily.

Kazer, on leaving the City Hall, purely from force of habit, had gone to the American House. There he found his comrade, Sergeant Smithers, who had profitably attached himself to the younger Prettyleaf. That youth, leaning comfortably against the bar, beckoned amiably to the Captain, and informed him that he was just in time.

OVER their glasses the Captain had launched into a bitter tale of his wrongs when the bartender leaned forward and whispered:

"Young feller, yer old man's in the back room."

Young Prettyleaf glanced hastily behind him, and then glided noiselessly through the front door, with the faithful Sergeant at his heels.

Several Councilmen, espying the High Constable in lone possession of the barroom, forcibly persuaded him to join them. Before he realized it he was standing before them, glass in hand, while the Chief Burgess, in an address usually characterized as "neat," explained Council's change of heart. And the orderly clerk, who attended to his duties with promptness, gave him a key to the outer door and the steel cells.

Mr. Prettyleaf hastened home to rest. He needed the refreshment of sleep, for he was to make the principal address at the celebration of the Fourth on the morrow, and he felt that it would mark a critical point in his political career.

Dr. Andrews, who was to be master of ceremonies on this notable occasion, had retired several hours previous for the same reason.

The Captain, who was to take no part at all in the exercises, walked homeward listlessly, uncomfortable by his key. He listened bitterly to sounds of revelry coming from the basement of the Rescue Hose Company.

He cursed his weakness in drinking with Council, but resolved to be no longer the butt of its ridicule. He would go for the rest of his days to a soldiers' home, where he would be certain of decent treatment.

THE elder Prettyleaf was awakened by a sharp rap upon his front door. Leaning from his bedroom window, he demanded fretfully: "What's the matter?"

"Yer wanted over to the lockup right

away," shouted a small boy from the walk below.

He donned a pair of trousers, into which he tucked his nightdress, stepped into a pair of slippers, put on a coat, and started for the City Hall.

HE was reasonably certain as to the nature of his mission. Evenings preceding holidays were occasions of riotous celebration in Georgetown, and at such times he was frequently called upon to hold an impromptu midnight police court to settle the cases of luckless offenders who had been thrown into the borough jail.

As he drew near he saw a large crowd in front of the City Hall. He paused on recalling how a similar crowd had once smashed the heavy oaken door and rescued the chief pipeman of the Rescue Hose Company, whom Officer Bixler had arrested, unaware of his identity. He reflected that the new steel cages could withstand any similar assault. Violence now would avail nothing.

A thin cloud of smoke, pungent with the odor of burning wood, drifted overhead. Every volunteer fireman in the crowd looked about suspiciously.

A tiny flame leaped from the top of the abandoned hose tower in the rear of the building. A spent rocket which had fallen into it, after smoldering for hours, had set fire to refuse in the bottom of the shaft. A draft like that of a chimney swept the flames upward.

"Fire!" shouted a dozen shrill voices.

The cry was picked up and carried through the streets. The quick strokes of the fire bell clanged harshly over the sleeping town. The bells of the other hose houses took up the alarm. The hills resounded with the discordant clangor.

THE prisoners in the steel cages became aware of their danger and shrieked with terror, grappling madly the bars of their cells. A convulsive shiver passed over the crowd outside as the rattling of bars mingled with the roar of the flames.

A woman, pushing through the crowd, confronted the half-clad Chief Burgess and thrust her quivering hands before his face.

"My boy is in there," she screamed. "If he dies his blood will be on your head."

Mr. Prettyleaf looked at her calmly. "Reassure yourself, madam," he said soothingly. "Officer Bixler will be here shortly, and will free all of them."

"No, he won't," said a bystander somberly. "Bixler's home, sleeping off his jag. If he'd been sober he wouldn't have arrested them."

"The fire companies will be here in a minute," said Mr. Prettyleaf, looking anxiously up the street. "They will put out the blaze before it gets a fair start."

As he spoke, the Rescue Hose truck, pulled by a score of men, dashed up to the fire plug on the corner. At nearly the same instant the truck of the Good Will Company reached it from the opposite direction. A lively struggle ensued for the control of the plug, each desiring to get the first line on the fire and thereby win the standing prize which Council, with the purpose of promoting greater speed in answering alarms, offered for this achievement.

THE Chief Burgess watched them in amazement. They were losing precious time. He suddenly realized, as he saw them reeling and cursing, that they were not sober. They had left the bars in the cellars of the hose houses to man the trucks.

Rising flames illumined the sky and threw a red glare on the crowds in the street. Clouds of sparks drifted over the roofs of neighboring buildings. The people watched the Chief Burgess, partly in amazement, partly in curiosity.

The same small boy who had first summoned him now approached him respectfully.

"Say, Mr. Prettyleaf," he said, "did you know your Bill was in there?"

"William, my son?" he asked dully.

"Bixler arrested him and old Sergeant Smithers along with the rest of the gang that was in the row at the American House. He said it didn't make no difference to him if he was the son of the Chief Burgess."

"And Bixler, where did they say he was?"

"They took him home when he started to point his revolver. They was afraid he would hurt somebody. He's something fierce when he's drinking."

Prettyleaf threw himself upon the locked door, and shook it again and again until friends drew him away.

"You can't open the cells even if you do break in," they said. "The firemen will have to save them."

But the gallant firemen were still struggling for the possession of the plug. The Chief Burgess broke from the grasp of his friends and again dashed himself against the door in futile despair.

DR. ANDREWS, awakened by the bells, was aggravated that his sleep had been broken, and resumed repose as quickly as possible. He had not answered an alarm of fire since the day when he had placed adequate insurance on his many properties.

The High Constable, who also was awakened by the alarm, dressed, donned the hat which bore the insignia of his office, and left the house. He saw the glare above the City Hall, and hastened thither with all the speed possessed by his feeble old legs.

He was amazed on seeing the Chief Burgess violently assaulting the door, and prodded him in the back with his cane.

"Hey, there," he demanded, "what do you mean, trying to destroy borough property?"

"Get back, you wretched old fool," shouted Prettyleaf, shaking the veteran roughly by the shoulder. "This is no time for your funny capers."

Friends interfered, fearing that he would do the old man bodily harm.

With the dignity and deliberation due the office whose real responsibilities he was about to assume for the first time, Kazer unlocked the door and entered the borough prison.

The air was gray with smoke. Flames had broken through the lath and plaster of the wall adjoining the hose tower. The prisoners, all of whom apparently were in the nearest cell, clutched its steel bands and peered at him with blanched faces. He opened the grated door, and they dashed into the street, where a shout of joy greeted them.

Smoke choked the Captain, and his eyes smarted so that he could hardly see.

He turned to leave when he heard a piteous voice calling him from the farthest cell.

"Cap'n, Cap'n, you ain't goin' away and leave yer old friend die like a dog, are you, Cap'n?"

Through the haze he could barely discern Sergeant Smithers and the youthful Prettyleaf. The rear wall was sagging dangerously. He paused irresolutely and then hobbled toward them.

"A nice pair ye are," he said as he bent over the lock.

THE Sergeant muttered incoherent thanks.

"I'll never forget you for this, Cap'n," said the younger prisoner.

"Run fer it," said Kazer laconically as he swung open the steel door. They dashed from the building. He turned to follow when a blazing log fell from the wall and struck him heavily. It crushed him to the floor like a withered leaf. The room filled with a blinding light, but merciful darkness enveloped his soul.

Prettyleaf stumbled into the arms of his father, who held him closely.

"Where's the Cap'n?" inquired Smithers anxiously.

"Gone, I'm afraid," said a spectator

soberly, and Smithers fell to sobbing shamelessly.

The firemen performed prodigies of valor that night after the little dispute at the fire plug had been settled. They risked their lives recklessly to reach points from which they could advantageously pour water upon the flames. They deluged surrounding buildings to prevent the fire from spreading.

But the City Hall was a total loss.

Early on the morning of the Fourth, Dr. Andrews walked over to Memorial Park, where Major Cummings was raising the Grand Army flag to half-mast on its tapering steel staff.

"Who's dead?" inquired Andrews in surprise.

"Captain Kazer."

"So the old chap is gone. That's too bad. But surely, Major, the day we celebrate is of more importance than the Captain. Remember, it is the anniversary, not only of our national independence, but also of Georgetown's deliverance from the enemy during the Civil War."

"He was a brave soldier, doctor."

"Mebbe so, mebbe so," said Andrews testily, "although I never heard of anything particular he ever did except to drink more than his share of liquor."

"He was wounded at Gettysburg, doctor," said the Major in sad reminiscence, "carrying our Colonel to the rear after he went down on Cemetery Ridge. It left him lame, you know, and quite unfitted him for useful work."

"But he didn't belong to the post. If we're going to show the usual courtesies to every Tom, Dick, and Harry, what's going to become of the Grand Army?"

"The Captain went down with his boots on, doctor, while doing his duty as High Constable. He went in a way any soldier might be willing to go, and the boys want to pay him this respect."

"Well, if that's the case," said Andrews grudgingly, "I've no objection."

CHIEF BURGESS PRETTYLEAF looked over the address which he had carefully prepared. When he faced his fellow townsmen in Memorial Park he laid it aside.

For the first time in his life he experienced a real understanding of human sacrifice. For the first time he felt a real personal gratitude toward the men of the Revolution and the Civil War, weak and absurd human beings like others, who yet revealed and sustained the nobility of human nature and the splendor of human history.

For the first time in his public career he spoke from his heart, stumbling a trifle awkwardly perhaps, but his audience knew and understood. The scales of convention, of sophistication, of indifference, yes, and of self-righteousness, had fallen from their eyes as well. Their heritage as Americans stood revealed, a living, tangible thing.

A new City Hall has arisen on the site of the old one. Its beauty reflects credit on the prosperous city of Georgetown. And yet the citizens take less pride in its granite walls and marble columns than in the fact that its construction was free from taint of graft. More impressive, even, than the building is a small brass tablet on its rear wall, reading:

"Near this spot fell William Kazer, veteran of the Civil War and High Constable of the Borough of Georgetown, while in the performance of his duty."

"I Remember, I Remember"

By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

I REMEMBER, I remember
The cost, when I was born,
Of shoes and ships and scaling wax
And cabbages and corn.
A dozen eggs cost eighteen cents;
A pound of pork a dime;
And now I often meditate
Upon that happier time.

I remember, I remember
The rent we used to pay;
We had a house with fourteen rooms—
A dollar ten a day.
Our cook got three a week and board,
And coal was four a ton
And apples were a cent apiece
In Eighteen Eighty-One.

I remember, I remember
My mother used to wear
The loveliest of cotton hose
At twenty cents a pair;
In silken hose my Julia goes—
A pair costs three fifteen.
My father used a penny pen;
I type a fine machine.

I remember, I remember
What famous poems cost:
How Milton got ten dollars for
His great "Paradise Lost";
Twelve dollars bought Gray's "Elegy";
Oh, I'm glad to be alive
In a day when I can sell a thing
Like this for twenty-five.



5c

for P. A. in the
toppy red bag.



"Every pipe's a
jimmy pipe if
it's packed
with P. A."

It's always
open season
for Joy Smokin'
with P. A.

Trout are beginning to
jump—brooks are full of
them. Soon maybe you'll
be making your get-away
for a little rest-up—some

good old quiet smoking in the woods and
in camp. Don't forget to take along plenty
of Prince Albert.

But if you don't belong to the brotherhood
of Ike Walton, remember there's no closed
season for jimmy pipes as long as you can
dig up a nickel for a toppy red bag or a
dime for a tidy red tin.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

keeps open season for all men, all-year-
round, everywhere. It signs the death
warrant for tongue-broilers. It's got a knife
sharpened for pipe grouches. It's the mildest,
fragrantest, bulliest smoke that ever wafted
on an April breeze. It can't bite the tongue.
It can't parch the throat. All that is cut
out by a patented process. P. A. helps you
catch more fish—and friends and customers
and just common, everyday joy. It makes
you happier all the way through, because
you can smoke all your heart desires and
never a tingle in your taster.

Buy P. A. anywhere, everywhere—
toppy red bag, 5c; tidy red tin, 10c;
pound and half-pound humidors.

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Some Aspects of Prohibition in the South

By P. H. WHALEY, Jr.

A LONELY tree in the meadow and dangling from it, bullet pierced, a ragged human form! A weary woman moaning beneath it, at the dawn: "Muh po' Tom, ain't I dun tol' yuh t' leeb dat whisky 'lone!" And in the dim mansion on the hill a broken mother kneeling by the stark corpse of her daughter! That is a picture of the genesis of prohibition in the South.

Men will say that there was no intimate connection between prohibition and lynching. That is because the influence which made ardent prohibitionists was largely subconscious. An indefinite dread, similar to that aroused by the Ku-Klux Klan, had begun to permeate the rural South, a decade or more ago, as a result of unmentionable outrages committed by intoxicated negroes. Discussions of the lynching problem brought out the fact that it was but a symptom of a disease which had its origin in the sale of whisky.

A person who is acquainted with the history of negro crime, although knowing nothing of the territorial status of prohibition, would be able to select, almost unerringly, the districts in which strong drink is outlawed. The "unspeakable crime" and lynchings have been confined, in the main, to the rural sections. The cities have been almost unanimously against prohibition; the country quite as unanimously for it.

In the South, therefore, the aspects of prohibition are largely peculiar to the section. The feeling which made a Solid South, behind which too often scheming politicians have found office and money, is kindred to the feeling which brought about prohibition. The Democracy had capitalized a prejudice and the prohibitionists were endeavoring to eradicate one of the chief causes perpetuating that prejudice. They did not have that conscious purpose, for tradition held them to the Democracy, but they forced the dominant party into preventive legislation.

A QUESTION OF EXISTENCE

THE most vicious negroes were found along the Mississippi River and its tributaries. River towns are tougher than seaports. Low dives were common along the levees, and are now. In them blacks gambled or drank their money away. The whisky they got was cheap, poisonous stuff. Much of it was in bottles on which were indecent pictures of white women. The walls of the drinking rooms were lined with lascivious reproductions. Too often the sequel of the debauch was another tragedy and another negro, or two or three of them, strung to a telegraph pole. Often the owner of the dive was one of the lynchers—sometimes the victim was his daughter—but the sale of the "crime inciter" continued.

City dealers had their distributors of bad liquor on the river plantations, and on most other plantations. The lure of large profits emboldened peddlers to market the stuff illegally. They ventured into sections which formerly had been perfectly orderly. Frequently their passage was marked by another lynching, and often the lynchers themselves were whisky soaked. How could white women live safely in the country, where the ratio of blacks to whites was sometimes ten to one, if the negroes were to be translated into beasts, every pay day, by injections of poison? And the back tide of the urban movement was bringing into the country hundreds of blacks who had contracted city vices and habits.

It is significant that the control of the liquor traffic first became a live issue in South Carolina, one of the two States in which the whites are in a minority. Nor is it peculiar that the reform was led by B. R. Tillman, a farmer, now Senator, whose wide knowledge and experience made him appreciate the havoc which whisky was causing. He did not care particularly, perhaps, about the uplift of the negro, but he was enough of a prophet to foresee that either whisky or the white man would have to abandon the farms. That this thought was clear in his mind is shown by the fact that he advocated a dispensary system which made it easy to obtain whisky in the cities, in not less than half-pint packages, but made its purchase in the country difficult, if not impossible, legally.

When the State dispensary system was abolished, because grafting had made its

management a nauseating disgrace, an optional county dispensary plan was adopted; that is, every county was given the choice between prohibition and a dispensary system of its own. All but six counties eventually decided to outlaw liquor entirely, and these six were counties which lay along the seaboard or were dominated by cities. The conclusion is inevitable that prohibition is a phase of the race question, and its success or failure must be determined by the effect it has had on the relations of the races in the rural districts.

BAKEFUL EVASIONS

HOW far has evasion of the law nullified its beneficent possibilities? It has been said that prohibition made the enforcement of law a policy instead of a principle. So it has, in some places. It was a Cincinnati firm that first discovered a fortune in "whisky powders." Its advertisements in the "want" columns of newspapers did not indicate the nature of its business. It merely wanted addresses. It depended thereafter on its literature for results. It would send, for a dollar, a dozen powders, from each of which one quart of whisky could be made. Other ingredients were necessary, but two dollars is a fair estimate of the cost of a dozen quarts of whisky on the Cincinnati plan. Powder for twelve dozen quarts could be purchased for five dollars. The temptation to a poor white man to buy whisky at seven cents the quart and sell it at ten cents the drink was overpowering.

Prohibition in Georgia and Alabama built mansions for ignorant liquor distributors in Jacksonville and Pensacola, and in Chattanooga. The art of making substitutes for whisky only reached its zenith when prohibition became general.

But before the whisky men learned how to evade the law, vendors of catarrh powders seized their opportunity. The negro who once got drunk on cocaine did not bemoan the loss of whisky. The "happy dust" was better. Unscrupulous druggists stocked their shelves with it. Loafers peddled it about. Its use spread along the levees. Crime followed in its wake, for cocaine intoxication is the most dangerous to other people known. There is no coward out of whose heart it cannot drag the fear if his passions are to be fed. The use of the drug has become an alarming symptom of social disease all over the country, but its march in the South has been parallel with the spread of prohibition.

Has the outlawing of whisky achieved its purpose? There is almost as much whisky sold as before and, additionally, the use of cocaine is widespread. There has been no radical reduction in the number of criminal assaults, except in sections where the prohibition law has been honestly enforced. A senseless plea for individual freedom to become a social nuisance and menace has so far partially neutralized the potentially beneficial effects of a law which, although sumptuary, had in it palliative, if not curative, elements.

PROHIBITION HAS NOT FAILED

NEVERTHELESS, and this is the startling paradox, prohibition has not been a failure. It has achieved in a psychological way what it failed to accomplish by legal persuasion. It has created a strong public opinion, not sentimental but logical, against the use of alcoholic drinks; so much so that public sentiment will eventually enforce, in the rural districts, the essentials of the law which so often heretofore it has practically nullified.

There is no possibility of a return to the old barroom days. The towns which have voted back the saloon after having had prohibition are the ones which appreciate most fully that prohibition poorly enforced is better than open saloons with no real regulation at all.

That high license for the cities and prohibition for the country will solve the problem, or better present conditions, is the conviction of most students of the question in the South. Experience has softened views. White men are beginning to see that moral responsibility for the negro rests on them, and that it is a betrayal of responsibility to permit illicit sales of dangerous liquors and drugs. It is a shifting of the responsibility, too, if the negro is not taught temperance.



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William Collier



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Wallace Irwin, writer and lyricist, author of "Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy," etc., says:

"Tuxedo is always welcome. A pleasant smoke, a mental bracer—the ideal tobacco."

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W. Hayden Collins, prominent in real estate, and member of Chamber of Commerce of Washington, D. C., says:

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W. Hayden Collins

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Harrison Fisher



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His Last Argument

(Concluded from page 18)

coming around the desk and placing the proof before the editor and publisher of the "Morning Chronicle." "On the first page, three-column head, big type, just as you ordered it, Mr. Pendergraft."

"High-School Girl and Prominent Doctor Arrested in Chop-Suey Resort," read Pendergraft, running his finger along the big letters. "Ah, Brad, some sense to that. People will sit up and take a little notice—why, they'll stay home from church this morning to read that story. That's just what the—"

PENDERGRAFF ceased very abruptly. His eyes had traveled to the other three-column head gracing the front page.

He was finding it difficult to read the lines, though the type lacked but little of being an inch high.

"What—what—Bradford," he stammered, "for God's sake, Bradford, stop the press! Has the press started? Is this story printed?"

"What's the trouble?" asked Bradford, refusing to become excited.

"Loretta Manning elopes with Chauffeur," read the editor and publisher. "My niece—you knew she was my niece," he screamed. "Stop those presses."

As Bradford did not move, Pendergraft in haste, if haste is possible to great weight and wealth, left his chair and started for the door. By stepping back two steps, Bradford reached it and kicked it shut, and instead of passing through, Pendergraft found himself standing in the center of his own office, looking into a menacing revolver.

"What does this mean, Bradford?" he gasped. "Are you crazy?"

"Yes," answered the city editor, "plumb, riproaring, shooting crazy. Gone nuts from overwork. Crazy enough to insist that you listen while I tell you a few things."

"I don't know what your grievance is, Brad," said the editor and publisher in a very humble and a very helpless tone. "It makes no difference, we'll settle it to suit you; but don't, please don't, let that paper get to the street with Loretta plastered all over the front page. Why—"

"BUT the story's true," insisted Bradford.

"Of course it is, that's the pity," admitted the big owner. "But she's my niece, my sister's child. Man, can't you see—why I'd dump this place in the river before I'd hold up that girl's mistakes to entertain the public."

"Oh, you take it too seriously," smiled Bradford from behind his revolver. "Entirely too seriously. You know we're not here to educate or uplift; we're here to give the people what they want."

Pendergraft started toward Bradford, but a flourish of the pugnacious-looking gun brought him to a stand again.

"These risqué little stories, a picture, red ink, you know, Pendergraft, that's what makes the people sit up and take notice. Scandal is just as palatable to the rich as it is to the poor."

"Bradford, I'll give you a thousand, two thou—" began Pendergraft as he sank into a chair.

"I don't want money, Pendergraft. If I really wanted money I'd have left this rag long before this. I want to help build a newspaper that can command the respect of the whole community. I'm making my last argument now and you'll have to listen to it. Do you think the public has no heart? You seem to forget that the public is just a large number of persons. There isn't a man in this town who does not revolt at the thought of holding an innocent girl's mistakes before the public in big red letters. I was willing to except you from that statement, but you've made that impossible. Do you know that your circulation has been standing still for five weeks? Do you know that a scandal story lost you two big advertisers last week? Do you know your reporters are near open revolt against writing such stuff? You can't make a success without you build a clean newspaper, and you can't make a clean newspaper with dirty stories."

"YOU would it know what I was talking about if I tried to explain the ethics of this profession," continued Bradford.

"You seem to understand why you don't want Loretta Manning's elopement painted in billboard letters and colors for the benefit of 'Chronicle' readers, still Loretta isn't even your own child. How are Mrs. Zarboe and Mr. Zarboe going to feel to-morrow morning when they pick up this mangy rag and see their own daughter marked as a social outcast for the rest of her days? You've got money—a lot of money, Pendergraft. You could hush the scandal on your girl; they haven't a thing, not a darn thing with which to fight. They've been in hard luck for several years; they have nothing but this little betrayed girl and their good name, and you're going to snatch both away from them. For what? I don't know. I've put my foot on my conscience in this office for a year and tried to get your idea. I'm no angel, Pendergraft, and when a thing makes me lose sleep it has to be pretty raw. I'm through."

"When you ordered me to brand that little Zarboe girl with red ink, I knew I was through, but I couldn't resist the opportunity of presenting a last argument. If you'll wait here I'll bring you a copy of the city edition from the pressroom. You can take it home and read the good stories, the risqué stories, the kind that make the people sit up and take notice; you can take one over to Mrs. Manning and let her read the scandal, it's so palatable to the rich and poor alike, you know."

BRADFORD dropped the revolver in his pocket, wheeled about, and opened the door.

Without glancing back he walked down the room to the composing-room stairs, down another flight of stairs to the pressroom. There he deliberately killed time.

"We're awful late to-night," shouted the boss pressman. "Delay wasn't on us. They balled up the first page and had to pull her back. I'm stuck an hour longer—"

As a rule, Bradford was sympathetic, but he didn't care to hear more of the pressman's troubles, so he started back to the editorial department. A few minutes later he was again standing in Pendergraft's private office. The owner and publisher, the biggest man about the "Chronicle," had not moved, except to draw his handkerchief and mop his forehead.

"There," snapped Bradford as he tossed a copy of the "Sunday Morning Chronicle" on to the owner's knees. "Read a paper that won't make you blush; you can take that to your sister or Loretta or Mother Zarboe, and they won't be ashamed of a single line in it. That proof sheet you can frame and hang in your office here. I'll call for my time Monday."

PENDERGRAFF could scarcely believe his eyes when he mustered courage to look at the page in front of him.

There were no three-column heads, no Loretta Manning elopement, no high-school girl scandal—there was a neat, clean page of what Bradford had been taught was real news.

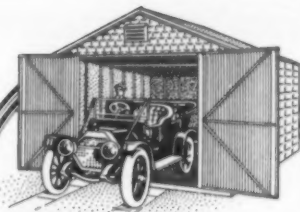
Monday afternoon Bradford came into the business office to get his pay. The cashier handed out his check, and to it was pinned a note, in a scrawl Bradford had long since learned belonged to the biggest man in the "Chronicle" organization.

"A last hot shot, I suppose," muttered Bradford as he turned from the cashier's cage to read. It was difficult to decipher, but the former city editor finally made it out.

FRIEND BRAD—

I've requested Strawbridge to go back to advertising Blatherwicks' Buttermilk Balsam one week from to-day. You've had your last argument in this office, and if anyone tries to start one tie a can on him before he gets to first base. As managing editor you'll make out the pay roll, and I don't care what figure you put behind your own name. That was a corking good paper you got out, but you really should get over the habit of punctuating your remarks with a revolver.

PENDERGRAFF.



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The Story of a Modern Marriage

(Continued from page 6)

to a state of passivity and made to render implicit and immediate obedience. That they needed understanding and a large space to turn in in order to grow spiritually, she never thought, never remotely visioned.

But where could I get such fine service, even though I could pay its worth? Highly trained women do not go into service into other women's homes for very excellent reasons, that fact I well knew.

I REACHED a conclusion finally. My children came first, since they had rights that could not lightly be put aside. To leave them for even a few hours a day in these their most impressionable and important years to the care of a Miss Wilmer was more than unfair. My work must go, if during its pursuit by me my children's spiritual development was arrested, their individuality quenched. So my decision was taken. For the sake of a larger life for my boy and girl I would accept Robert's suggestion. I would yield every other interest that my children might be given opportunity to grow and to reach their best.

So I told Robert.

I set about disorganization quickly. When Frances and Miss Wilmer, the laundress and the man of all work, had been dismissed, I found many surprises awaiting me, not the least provoking of which was that large bills for plumbing and for groceries had been incurred. And the bills, though new to me, had to be paid.

When all debts were cleared I found I had in the bank a balance of \$300. This sum I determined to leave untouched. I felt very insecure in living entirely on Robert's income. Suppose he should fall ill. Suppose the children had to have doctors, specialists! All the haunting possibilities that had never before tortured me, came and settled with me. We found a five-room flat in the city at \$40 a month.

NOW ever since I have been able to earn money I have lived well. If I wished to go to the theatre or to listen to music, I did so. But I soon found that the situation was radically changed. I found that I couldn't do as the spirit moved me, since Robert's salary was inelastic. I also found it necessary to practice all sorts of soul-stifling economies. And what seemed worse to me, so did Robert.

He might have sold his stock in his company, or he might have taken a position paying a larger salary, but we both realized that his future promised well with his young and growing concern. And so: "We'll get along all right," I encouraged him.

So life went on.

But after a few weeks I faced the truth. I wasn't happy nor any more content than when amid the clash and din of our old home, and my discontent increased as morning after morning I saw Robert leave the house in his shiny overcoat. I'd feel miserably that such a garment didn't conduce to a feeling of high self-confidence; nor could the nagging realization that a life insurance premium was about to fall due and that its payment would leave no provisional margin concede a clear mind for business.

Thinking of these things I knew a sense of outraged values, for while Robert was worried about finances and while daily I performed mental tasks that revolted my particular soul an educated gift of mine that had shown itself able to create and to earn, atrophied.

I TRIED bending myself to the yoke of tradition. Bitterly I condemned myself for hating to wash dishes, to wipe up floors, to sweep and to dust. "Why that's a woman's work," I told myself, "you must like it."

But I couldn't hoodwink myself.

One afternoon I was laboriously ripping an old skirt preparatory to turning it for another period of wear, and wondering at the same time how I could

reduce the appalling milk bill, when little Robert addressed me. With an effort I came out of my mood of concentration on ways and means and became occultly conscious that the child had repeated his question several times before I heard him with my physical ears.

"Mother, can I have the big clock to wind?" he asked.

I looked up at the mantel where the clock stood. "No, Robert, I'm busy now."

"But, mother, the clock says something to me when I wind it. Can I get up carefully on a chair and wind it?"

"No," I voiced my exasperation by emphasis. "You are liable to fall. And besides you pull and drag at the rug with the chair. I've enough work to do as it is. Now, Robert, if you show temper I shall punish you."

HE turned sullenly away, and sat as of old twirling his thumbs. He wanted that beloved clock with the ardent desire of a very intense child, and he couldn't understand

when I had let him have it before why he should be denied now. But I went on ripping.

Little daughter came toddling to me. She held the sugar bowl in her hands and her eyes were alight with the sense of her own power at being able to obtain and to hold.

"Helen," I cried, a vision of spilled sugar and my attendant work flashing in on me, "Mother will punish you for touching the sugar bowl!"

And then suddenly I stopped short and stared at both my children. A quick realization came that this scene was one of many such. The understanding came to me that every day I checked, admonished, threatened!

The truth poured in on me. My children ranked second, third, or fourth to any duty the home demanded. While I dusted and swept, and made over and calculated on possible economies here and there, my children were sacrificed on the altar of these materialities. It was for the children's sake I had given up my work that I might be a companion to them.

That I might study them, know their needs, and thus bring them to their best. And my most vital forces had been directed to make one dollar do the work of two. And the children had taken their places, their little circumscribed places, glad to catch any crumb I found time to cast them!

I LET the dress slip to the floor. Once more the machinery of living had overpowered me, had driven me aside from the central line of expected achievement. It was all very, very laughable, so laughable that I cried!

The day the insurance premium fell due was the day that milk went up to ten cents a quart and lamb chops to eight cents a chop. Robert's salary alone remained stationary.

Now standing with a sheaf of bills in my hand a sense of impotence came over me. And then largely because I felt myself in danger I tried to fight aside the sinking feeling of helplessness. I believe the Fates love a good fighter, for at that moment out of some clear region there came winging one thought after another, and with each thought I rose till I stood in a clear space able to see about me.

Then I flew to my desk not pausing to give pre-empt, that impulse-checking, initiative-killing word, a chance to retard me, and with both children about my knee I wrote the following inspirational advertisement:

"I am looking for a clear-thinking, advanced woman who would like to



Eliza was plain—very plain—in features and attainments



Advertises Itself

IN 1903 Hawaiian Pineapple first appeared upon the market in commercial quantities, a paltry hundred thousand cans,—barely one can for every nine hundred people in the United States.

In 1907, only four years later, the output and sales were fifty times as great, an increase of 5000%. Up to this time, not one dollar had been spent for advertising.

The quality of the product has advertised itself.

In 1908 the output was again doubled,—Hawaiian Pineapple was advertised in some of the magazines for seventeen months (you may remember), and the demand was quadrupled in twenty months.

Can you think of any other food product, the demand for which could have thus increased more than three hundred times in ten years with so little advertising?

Yet this 31,000,000 cans is still scarcely enough to give each person in the United States one third of a can *once a year*.

If you know Hawaiian Pineapple, you will want more than this eight times a month.

We begin packing again in July, but it will be well into the fall before future packing will reach your grocers' shelves.

Have you had your share this year?

Have you cans enough in your pantry to keep you going?

Has your grocer enough to see him through?

Always ask for Hawaiian Pineapple, no matter what brand; so long as it comes from Hawaii it is sure to be "picked ripe" and "canned right." You can buy it everywhere—sliced, grated or crushed.

Hawaiian Pineapple Packers' Assn., Honolulu, Hawaii

Here's YOUR Chance!

Thousands of men successful in all departments of human activity endorse and recommend this offer. They took advantage of it and the secret of success was no longer a secret to them. If you want the stimulating, healthful, sound advice of one who has a million friends, send for the "Magic Story." The first part of this remarkable book is free, but if you want all of it at once, send \$1.00. This is your chance! A pebble may start an avalanche—this fascinating book will help you to make your career a complete success!

Frank E. Morrison, Publisher, 802 St. James Building, New York City



Our Party in COLORADO

And none of us ever had such a delightful surprise—you couldn't fancy without being here how there could be so much that is big and grand, and so much that is softly lovely in any one region of the world.

We slipped away on that de Luxe

Rocky Mountain Limited

—every morning from Chicago to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo—

the kind of train that first makes you glad you're going and then glad you went that way. Think of this magic transformation in a day! That's a rhyme, but the whole affair—dining car, music, observation car, books and beds—was as smooth and pleasant as a poem.

"The Colorado Flyer"

every morning from St. Louis, and other splendidly equipped, fast daily trains via Rock Island Lines from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha and Memphis for Colorado, Yellowstone Park and the Pacific Coast.

Low Fares Daily June 1st to September 30th

"Little Journeys in Colorado" and "Under the Turquoise Sky" are two books which make the way clear. Let me send them to you. L. M. Allen, Pass. Traff. Mgr., 5 La Salle Station, Chicago, Ill.



"Tenement Tommy" Asks for A Square Deal

HE lives in New York's tenement district, the most congested spot in America.

In his sultry three-room home there is scarcely space to eat and sleep. His playground is the blistering pavement of the ill-smelling streets, hemmed in by scorching brick walls.

Tommy's widowed mother is broken with worry; his sisters and brothers are as pallid and frail as he. The winter struggle has sapped their vitality. They are starving for air.

No medicine will help Tommy. What he, his mother and the other children need are: a chance to breathe something pure and fresh,—a taste of sunshine and outdoor freedom,—an outing in the country or at the seashore.

But between Tommy and his needs stands poverty, the result of misfortune. He must suffer just as if it were all his fault.

This Association every summer sends thousands of "Tenement Tommies", mothers and babies to the country and to Sea Breeze, its fresh air home at Coney Island. A dollar bill, a five dollar check, or any amount you care to contribute, will help us to answer Tommy's appeal.

Send contributions to Robert Shaw Minturn, Treasurer, Room 204, 105 East 22nd Street, New York City.

NEW YORK ASSOCIATION FOR IMPROVING
THE CONDITION OF THE POOR

R. FULTON CUTTING, President

work with children; one whose sense of justice makes her perceptive and non-condemning. I'd like to find some one retaining a sensitive memory on whose plate lies recorded the tender fancies of her own childhood, and finally one who believes children to be the hope of the world."

Now the masculine mind may condemn that paragraph as hopelessly feminine and sentimental. I think it the most level-headed, practical statement for services that I've ever read. I so regarded it when in an impulsive moment I wrote it. I do so now, some few years later.

I CALLED up by telephone the leading newspaper and read the advertisement through the transmitter. The girl at the other end who received the paragraph asked me under what heading the "ad will fit." I said at once "Under Female Help Wanted—Professions."

The girl said "All right" nonchalantly, and assured me that she would send me a bill, which promise was faithfully kept.

I received one answer! It came from a Miss Benton who wrote that she was a bookkeeper in a kindergarten supply house, but that she desired to make a change. She knew of no technical profession that appeared just to fit her talents. She liked my advertisement because it struck a responsive chord, and might she call to see me?

Miss Benton came one afternoon. She was a girl of perhaps twenty-two with good eyes and a manner for children. She looked with genuine interest at my little ones. She was an observer, I saw, and to some purpose. She told me she was greatly interested in the Montessori system just then being introduced in this country. She believed that she would like the care of children but not in the ordinary way of a mere nurse-maid. And when I unfolded my plan to her, her eyes really sparkled.

ONE fine, early spring day, I paid a visit to my old suburb, taking both children with me, of course. First of all we visited our home, and the children's delight at sight of familiar things, the yard and the swinging gate made me realize for the first time how greatly they had missed space to move about in.

Signs of removal were apparent and when I saw the tenant she told me that she expected to leave the house early the following week.

My next visit was to my old friend, the miniaturist, who lived within six squares of my home.

When the maid admitted me I heard shouts that seemed to emanate from the roof, then I recalled that the nursery had been built just beneath the sky. My friend shortly appeared with her four-year-old twin daughters clinging to her skirt.

She was very glad to see me she told me. "I want to talk with you," I said. "May the children all go up to the nursery, Rachel?"

"Can you get Beryl (the violinist) and Cecelia on the telephone, and ask them to come over?" I asked.

Fortunately the other two were at home, and able to leave. Shortly they appeared. Then I began:

"I'm going to start by asking a leading question. Have any of you a secret regret that you have been compelled to give up your former work? I'm asking you to be honest with me because on your cooperation with me depends the possibility of my continuing my work, and yours, too."

Silence fell. Then the writer, who was plainly nervous because she had had to leave her baby with a neighbor, said: "If you can suggest any way whereby any woman can do her full duty to her children and her work, I'd like to hear the plan."

THEN said Rachel: "After the twins came and during their first year I could snatch moments to paint in, but you know how impossible it is to get any sort of continuous service here in the suburbs. Finally I gave up trying to do anything but see that the children were cared for and the house run in some way."

She turned to me with a little wistful expression on her face.

"You know, Helen, that last child's head I did took a second prize at the institute and I did feel after my babies came and when they proved so inspirational that I could fasten some of that inspiration in a lasting work," she

smiled, but we knew beneath the high-sounding words there lay a passion of longing. "I've concluded, however, that there's no way out. Maybe later—"

And now the little violin teacher, who had a family by one larger than mine, spoke with charming candor: "I am facing the real necessity of helping my husband. His illness, which lasted for over six months, ate into our savings, and now practically I'm doing all my own work and sewing, and yet we really haven't enough money to keep things going, since we have debts. When the day is over I'm too tired to practice. I know it would be easy to get my old class of pupils that I had when we first came here, but where could I find the time?" And then she voiced my old dissatisfaction: "It doesn't seem fair that my gift should rust when by its operation I might help out when help is so vitally needed."

We all looked at her, remembering how brimful of ambition and spirit she had been, remembering, too, how at times when she played to us in the old studio her music had thrilled and uplifted us. Now she was just a bedraggled, tired-out little woman, her fine spirit quenched, her violin silent in its case.

"How long would it take you to fit yourself for a class of pupils?" I asked.

HER eyes lit with a flicker of their old-time fire. "Why, Helen, if I had the chance to get back my class, I'd find the time to practice. I'd find the strength to practice after the children were in bed and the day's work done. I could go up to the attic and not disturb a soul."

I pulled my chair near hers and took her hand. "Now listen, all of you," I said. "Why not have a studio together as in the old days? Since fate and the low price of land brought us all together in this suburb, let us make use of our adjacency. Now listen," as some one attempted to interrupt. "I know that we can rent a large, airy room, which we can easily furnish, over on the main street of the town for \$12 a month. We can arrange hours so that each one of us may have three half days a week in that studio." I paused before continuing to my dramatic period: "Three half days a week in a quiet atmosphere, secure from interruptions, in which to work!"

Of course the inevitable question came: "But the children?"

And before I could answer, the writer with the baby said with a fine flush: "I don't want to drop my work entirely, as I may have to do, any more than any of you. But don't you think a woman's highest duty is to her children? Don't you believe she should drop every alien interest and devote herself heart and soul to the child she's responsible for?"

I TURNED quickly to her: "Have you always found that simply because a woman is a mother she alone is equipped to give her child the fine care and understanding necessary for his growth? A little child running in from his play, filled with a rushing desire to tell his mother of some wonderful thing he has seen, is told to wait till she has finished dusting or cutting out a dress or wiping up the kitchen floor."

Rachel spoke fervently: "There's no getting away from the truth of what you say, Helen. And though I don't wipe up the kitchen floor very often, yet a great deal of my time and energy is given to persuading other women to do it. And even when by some miracle I've managed to keep some sort of help, I've never felt free to do any painting. I don't see, Helen, how you are going to arrange matters for us."

Then I told them of Miss Benton: "A young woman who, directed by a natural inclination and interest in children, has studied most of the progressive writers on child culture. In her one interview with me she impressed me as being one with whom we could leave our children and go away with perfectly free minds. When I gave her my idea of working co-operatively for us, she said: 'That idea appeals to me; I shall have the opportunity of being with children of widely differing temperaments.' I paused. 'Contrast that observation with: 'Oh, yes'm, I love children, and I can always manage to keep'm quiet.'"

"It sounds too alluring," said the violinist. "How much would it cost?"

"Twelve dollars a week, making our individual share \$3. Of course, Miss Benton would have some free time which

she could put to any advantage she chose."

Rachel said: "When can Miss Benton come?"

"It will take us about a month to get everything ready. She will come when we send for her."

"With a class of pupils I can make quite \$16 a week very soon," said the violinist. "After paying for my part of Miss Benton's services and my share of the studio rent there will be a helpful margin left."

"We'll all, speaking now of the financial end," I said, "be surprised at our earning capacity when we have nine peaceful free-from-interruption hours a week."

"I suppose," said Beryl, "that we'll each try to find an inexpensive maid."

"No maid!" I said firmly. "I have come to this conclusion about servants: An intelligent girl prefers almost any other kind of work, even long hours in factories with small pay, to going into homes to work. She knows that, once submerged in the average home, she has many undefined duties, long hours, no place of her own, and no social life or standing. So we women are compelled to take raw material and try to train it, with what results we all direfully know, or put up with the vagaries of 'experienced' help who know our dependence upon them. After reaching this conclusion, I paid a visit to the manager of a vacuum cleaner firm. It transpired that he was anxious to introduce his machine, and he promised to obtain for us the services of a man who would come to our respective homes on four mornings of a week and 'quickly and in a thoroughly sanitary manner demolish all dust and dirt.' The man is an ex-janitor, and he will wash our windows and empty the ashes of the furnace on the days he works for us. We are to pay him \$8 for the four days, leaving him two full days in which he will demonstrate his machine around the suburb. I told the manager that we would probably eventually buy a machine. He expects to locate the ex-janitor and the vacuum machine out here permanently on the 15th of the month."

"Now there is left to be done," I went on, "the cooking, which personally I enjoy, the ordering of our raw food material, and the dishwashing. And later I intend to see a scrub woman I know of—a woman who averages \$5 a week, working four whole days a week, scrubbing the floors of halls and public buildings. The balance of her time goes to caring for her children and an inadequate husband. She is neat and quick, and I shall offer her \$5 a week to come every morning to our different homes to wash the accumulation of dishes and to make the beds. That work, since we live within short walking distance of one another, and since we shall have the previous day's dishes stacked and waiting, will just about consume the mornings of four days."

THEN very impressively I finished: "Our work in the home will be done by trained service rendered by persons who will know exactly what is expected of them."

"Our children, during our absence in the studio, will be cared for by a progressive young woman who recognizes the spiritual needs of a child, and who is naturally equipped to fulfill those needs. And for all we receive we shall each pay the weekly sum of six and a quarter dollars."

I carried them all away by my enthusiasm. "We'll try the plan," cried Rachel. "It can't be worse than the way we are situated now."

Robert, after all my fear of his possible discouraging attitude, really met me at every point. He felt that even though failure might result in trying to organize our way of living on a new basis we should learn something valuable.

A few days after we moved back to our old home a carpenter came to throw two large-sized bedrooms into one, and this space with the old small nursery made a really fit place for the children. Here their toys and their books were placed on low shelves within easy reach, and when all was in order it was really the children's own, a spot where they reigned supreme.

THE first morning that I went to the studio I left my children with a little sore feeling about my heart. After all, was I doing right? But once in the studio and again at my work I forgot everything in the joy of feeling my brush

in my hand. When the twelve o'clock whistle from the far-away factory sounded, I recalled myself with a start. It took me just fifteen minutes, walking rapidly, to reach home. I flew upstairs to the nursery. In the middle of the floor sat Miss Benton, Robert close beside her, both so intensely interested in the mechanism of a small engine that neither one heard my approach. Little sister I saw lay asleep in her crib, already taking her noonday nap.

ROBERT saw me first. With a cry he was up and upon me. "Oh, mother, mother!" he exclaimed. "We've had the best time! We went for a walk but we didn't walk at all, we just stood still and looked at things."

His little face was alight with interest. I believe I have averred that the Fates love a good fighter. I think also they respect one who, recognizing that a situation is all wrong, sets about as best he may to remedy it. In any event, our plan worked admirably. My half days at the studio fell on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings. On those days I rose half an hour earlier than usual, washed and dressed the children, and made the simple breakfast we all ate. At half after eight, Miss Benton and Mrs. Andrews (the former scrub woman) arrived, and I left for the studio, stopping at the market to give my order for the day. When I returned at noon, I cooked luncheon for the children and myself, and then we went out if the day was fine or stayed at home, finding plenty there to occupy and interest us.

THIS routine, of course, was flexible. There were occasional afternoons when I wished to go to town to see editors or even to attend matinees, and, of course, the others also wanted "afternoons off." So we arranged that at whatever home Miss Benton was engaged for the afternoon there the children whose mother was going to town or elsewhere should be sent. And since Miss Benton enjoyed getting the little ones in a group we were enabled to go away for business or pleasure with a clear mind.

Three months after we opened our studio we held a meeting, and I don't believe four happier, more contented, or brighter women could be found anywhere.

Rachel, always the first to take the chair, said: "Do you realize that our lives now hold everything that a woman's heart desires, her husband, her children, her home, and time for the outlet of her talents? And do you know," here she turned quickly to me, "I feel that I am a finer mother than when all my time was spent with my children. I find now that I am less despotic, more understanding with them. Truly I believe they give me more pleasure than ever before in their lives and I know they enjoy me more now if only because I find time and inclination to play with them."

There was a pregnant silence. After a time the violin teacher spoke: "Why I'm actually uplifted when my last little pupil leaves the studio and I set out for home and my boys. I confess now that when I was with them every moment their constant activity and their incessant demands wore upon me dreadfully. I believe now in the light of my experience that every mother would be vitally helped if she could leave her children for some hours every week."

"Not only the mother but the children are better for being part of the time in the care of another," I said. "I know mine are getting a wider range of thought by their association with Miss Benton. Young as they are, they have found that there is usually more than one side to a question."

LATER some one asked: "What do the husbands generally think?"

"No matter what others think," said the miniaturist with her usual impetuosity, "mine is delighted with the change for the better in me. I knew I should have had to fight hard in the beginning for my way, but experience teaches even husbands."

The writer said: "If Arthur didn't have a keen remembrance of the days when he came home and found me tired to death and ready to weep at the raising of a finger, because the maid had left at a moment's notice, and the baby had an ensuing attack of colic, he, too, might have entered objections to my spending nine hours a week at the studio writing."

Then our meeting broke up.

That very night Robert said to me:

The Price of Comfort

ASK ANY SCHOOL-BOY

what this little picture represents and you will receive a practical demonstration of the subtle force of advertising and publicity.

Different artists have given their different conceptions of the exact attitude of the boy, his proximity to the fire, and the kind of a shovel he used—but in every case you knew it was young Abraham Lincoln, studying by the flickering light of the log fire.

They didn't have electric lights when Abraham Lincoln was a boy. They didn't have gas light. They didn't even have kerosene oil lamps!

They had sperm oil lamps and tallow candles—but "the Great White Way" was a thing undreamed of. And yet, it was only about 30 years ago that the first practical demonstration of the Edison light was given in New York City—and the first electric sign did not appear until 15 years later!

Do you ever stop to think of the part that Honest Advertising has played in the marvelous progress of the past 15 years?

Now look at the other little picture.

The comfort and convenience of the electric light, the electric fan, and the telephone *cost money* and add to our "cost of living." We could manage to get along without these things and live as they lived *Yesterday*. But most of us prefer to pay "the Price of Comfort." I do—don't you?

H. C. S. Humphreys
Manager Advertising Department

No. 120



10,000 Business Men Will Gather Here

This is a picture of the spacious Fifth Regiment Armory in Baltimore. The sessions of the ninth

Annual Convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs

of America will be held here June 8 to 13, 1913. Delegates from one hundred and thirty-five American and Canadian Clubs, and thousands of other advertising and business men will be present. Great Britain, Germany and other European countries will also send strong delegations.

The meetings will be addressed by the most forceful and interesting speakers among the successful advertising buyers of the country—men who have successfully conducted epoch making campaigns. Open departmental and other special sessions will be devoted to the problems of the various branches and phases of the great business of advertising. Here every man will have an opportunity to say his say, and those who have solved the perplexing problems of modern publicity and merchandising will tell their audiences how they did it.

In addition to these business meetings, nearly every pulpit in Baltimore will be occupied on Sunday, June 8th, by prominent advertising men, who will tell how closely advertising is linked with the religious and social progress of our time.

The evenings will be devoted to a series of unique entertainments to which all delegates and guests will be invited, and throughout the whole convention, Baltimore will more than maintain her enviable reputation for warm, generous, open-handed hospitality.

You do not need to be an advertising club member in order to be welcomed at this convention—all business men are invited. If you cannot come yourself, send your advertising or sales manager. Make your plans now—write to the address below for the full program of the convention, hotel accommodations, etc.

Associated Advertising Clubs of America

Convention Bureau

1 North Calvert Street
Baltimore, Md.



COLLIER'S

Washington Bureau will furnish to Collier readers a wealth of information on any subject for which Washington is headquarters.

This service is of inestimable value to manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers; to lawyers, doctors and teachers. In a word, to business and professional men in all walks of life.

ALEXANDRIA, S. D.

Collier's Washington Bureau: Being about to embark in the wholesale cheese business I am very anxious to inform myself in every way possible concerning that commodity. It has occurred to me that the Government sends out bulletins on that subject. I wish to learn its value as a food and such other facts as the Department has seen fit to give out. Will it be asking too much of you to inform me where the desired information can be obtained?

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Collier's Washington Bureau: I thank you very much for your very kind communications of April 11th and 14th in answer to my inquiries. Today I again ask you for the favor of some information on the proposed new Tariff Law. I should thank you very much if you would communicate to me at your earliest convenience the proposed duties on deers, commonly called woolgrease, and also on burlap which is imported from Calcutta, India.

MT. VERNON, Illinois.

Collier's Washington Bureau: Please advise me through your bureau whether a railroad company can justly charge 23 cent rate of freight from West side of Mississippi river into Walcottville, Ill., on car loads of Yellow Pine Lumber when they carry car loads from same point of shipment through Walcottville to Mt. Vernon, Ill., and charge only 20 cents per hundred to Mt. Vernon.

CHICAGO, Ill.

Collier's Washington Bureau: May I ask you to obtain for me the latest ruling of the Treasury Department in regard to the examination of tests? The process in use has been what is known as the "Read Test" but am given to understand that there has been a change in the last few days supplementing this.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

Collier's Washington Bureau: Will you kindly inform me what the rate of duty is on half-cloth and crinoline such as is used as inter-liners in both ladies' and men's clothing? Advise me what it is under the Payne-Aldrich act and what the rate is under the new bill which is now before Congress.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Collier's Washington Bureau: Can you give me a list of the States of the Union which have adopted prohibition amendments to their constitutions, and also a list of States which have adopted prohibition by legislative enactment, without constitutional amendment?

HAVANA, Cuba.

Collier's Washington Bureau: Kindly send me data on the new duties on oranges and pineapples in the Underwood Bill and those collected now—that is, duties according to the tariff now in force and those proposed in the new one.

* Names furnished on request.

Make use of our Washington office. Write us upon any subject about which you have reason to believe we can be of help. Write us as often as you like. No charge to the subscribers of Collier's.

Collier's
Washington Bureau
901-902 Munsey Building
Washington, D. C.

"I don't believe, Helen, that we have ever before been so happy as now. You are so bright and interesting these days that I quite agree with Robert, Junior, when he says: 'Our mother beats them all, doesn't she?'"

I kindled at this praise. Coming from my little son, it meant a great deal to me. He and I are "chums" now, dear

friends. I pray that his retentive memory will lose its recollection of his once impatient, nervous, harrowed mother, and keep only the thought of me as I am now, happy, content, controlled, ready at a second's notice to enter into his interests and always having time in which to listen to his stories, and to go with him into his own wonderful world.

Sending a Boy to Mill

(Concluded from page 17)

They thoroughly paralyze the former and unduly enlarge the vocabulary of the latter.

"Of refreshment and advice from compatriots, we got a-plenty, but the advice was frequently more generous than reliable.

"In passing one camp, we caught a song with this chorus:

"Dearest mother, you will never, you will never

Find my name among the slain;
If I only jump a bounty,
I will skip for home again.

"Sometimes in a field and sometimes on the road, we progressed but slowly. Covered with mud from frequent falls and wet to the skin from continued rain, we pressed on. My pride had been piqued. You, General, had called me a 'boy' and my teeth set the more firmly at recollection of the taunt. Get there I would; and the orderlies and the horses were twenty-four carat grit.

"To the question of where I would find a battery, I got all sorts of soldier answers. One advised me to ask the cook. Another requested that I give him 'something easier.' Still another thought I might find one at the Washington Arsenal; and again, I was referred to Stonewall Jackson.

"The challenges bothered us greatly, but finally, about eight o'clock, through one of those same vexatious challenges, I heard of a battery. We soon gained the locality indicated by the sentry, and I succeeded in finding the Captain.

"Not by a—slight!" was his answer to my message. 'We have just gone into park and neither my men nor my horses can go another inch.' There was another battery just a little farther on, he said.

"He was obdurate, notwithstanding my explanation of the emergency. I began to think of what your remarks to me would be, sir, if you knew that I temporized, and of the consequences of failure. I was as tired as the Captain, for that matter, and my temper began to shorten.

"I took from my wallet a piece of paper and on it made a copy of the order. Underneath, I wrote a receipt for the order, and with the emphasized remark that I would go no farther, handed the Captain the original and placed the duplicate before him to sign.

"I probably spoke louder than I realized, and my excited tones must have gone outside the tent, for almost at once a strenuous voice not far away struck up these words to the good old Sunday tune of 'In the Sweet By and By':

"There's a gladness in his gladness
when he's glad;
There's a sadness in his sadness when
he's sad;

But his gladness when he's glad,
Or his sadness when he's sad,
Ain't a patch upon his madness when
he's mad.

"Then half a dozen voices took up the refrain:

"Oh! his gladness when he's glad,
Oh! his sadness when he's sad,
Ain't a patch upon his madness when
he's mad, mad, mad.

"The effect was convulsing and a cast-iron image would have yielded to the humor.

"Both the Captain and I laughed heartily and all irritation disappeared. He looked at the acknowledgment of the order and then at me. He knew what it meant to disobey, and had no idea of doing such a thing. He was only trying to bluff a kid. He turned the paper over and scrutinized the other side, seemingly hoping to obtain some comfort from the back. There was no loophole, however, and he knew it, so after a minute, with a smile, he ejaculated:

"Let's have a drink! Will you have it educated or uneducated?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, I mean straight or a cocktail. A cocktail is the straight article with a college training."

"Having moved, as suggested, 'along the lines of least resistance,' he sent for his Lieutenant and instructed that coffee be at once served to the man.

"THEN followed the necessary orders for a move.

"The chorus of remarks that came out of the night need not be repeated here, for they might not sound well before ladies. They were amusing, however, and of the same plain character as those used by 'our army in Flanders.'

"The horses were quickly harnessed and we started. Men with lanterns went ahead, and although the guns were frequently stuck in the mud, we made pretty satisfactory headway. The roads were at least clear. By twelve o'clock midnight we reached the Gap and found you, General, anxiously waiting.

"I reported that the boy had been to mill and had brought the grist back, and I was as proud as twenty-seven peacocks when you laughingly put your hand upon my shoulder and remarked:

"Good lad! but you look more like real estate than you do like a United States officer."

WHILE in New London the dear old man would hardly let me out of his sight, and many a comrade, willy-nilly, listened to the General's highly embellished version of the story of "Sending a Boy to Mill."

Collier's,

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOLUME 51

NUMBER 11

MAY 31, 1913

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Incorporated, Publishers

Robert J. Collier, President E. C. Patterson, Vice President and General Manager
J. G. Jarrett, Treasurer Charles E. Miner, Secretary
A. C. G. Hammesfahr, Manager Advertising Department

416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

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Woman's Suffrage and Pure Food

NO matter how we may differ on the question of Woman's Suffrage, we all agree that "the shortest route to a man's heart is through his stomach."

Three enterprising "Suffragettes" are demonstrating, in a very practical manner, that the old theory is correct. They have opened in New York a "Suffrage Pure Food Store," the first to be opened in this country, and "the little white shop" at 96th Street and Broadway is being patronized as liberally by men as by women.

This little Pure Food grocery owes its existence to the enterprise of three enthusiastic women who had a bright idea and plenty of nerve. Mrs. Sophia Kremer is President of the Suffrage Pure Food Stores Co., Miss Aimee Hutchinson is Treasurer, and Mrs. Alice Snitjer Burke, Secretary. They started in business only three months ago, but trade has been so brisk they have already found it necessary to double the capacity of their shop. Nothing could better demonstrate the wisdom of their policy "to keep absolutely nothing in the store but foods that measure up to the Westfield standard."

The door of the "little white shop" is found open any time between 7.30 in the morning and 10 o'clock at night. Upon the rows of shelving is displayed an extensive line of groceries, canned goods, homemade jellies, candies, preserves, etc.

In a glass case near the entrance are luscious fresh chocolate cakes, fat little bran muffins, crisp, crackly-looking cookies, and loaves of real home-made bread. And fudge, too, "Suffrage Fudge", and chocolate drops.

The big idea back of this little Suffrage Pure Food Store is "to reduce the high cost of living and

to give people pure things to eat"—fresh, sweet butter; fresh-laid eggs; canned goods that are honest; and fresh chickens direct from Hendersonville, N. C. Trade comes not only from the immediate neighborhood, but customers from distant parts of the city are beginning to send their orders to the Suffrage Pure Food Store, because they have confidence in the women who are running it.

Among other things that these enterprising women are doing to increase their trade, they are distributing "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods" to customers as a buying guide.

"The Westfield Book of Pure Foods" is simply an exhaustive list of pure brands of all classes of foods. The foods that are listed have come up to the highest food standards of the Pure Food Town. The list represents the work of the past ten years by the chemists of the Board of Health of Westfield, Mass., who have analyzed thousands of products and have worked only in the interest of the citizens of their own town.

While "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods" does not list every pure food on the market, the number is so large that you are given a wide range of choice. You are almost certain to find in your grocery store at least one of the brands approved under each important classification.

Send 10c in stamps or silver now to the Westfield Board of Health, Westfield, Mass., and let this book be your guide in the purchase of things to eat and drink.

You have the same benefits in your town—at your grocer's—that the customers of The Suffrage Pure Food Store enjoy.

Send to-day—now.



On this page are shown a few of the Westfield Pure Food Products



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